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MY RAMBLE THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.

BY

W. B. RIDGES.

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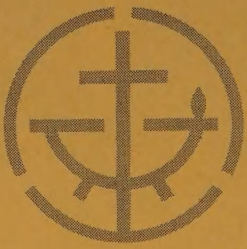
1886



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SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
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Mrs. H. E. Nichols

MY RAMBLE THROUGH BIBLE LANDS.

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1886

BY

Wm. Bryman Ridges.

"Thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. When the Lord shall build up Zion, He shall appear in His glory."—PSALM cii.

THIRD EDITION.

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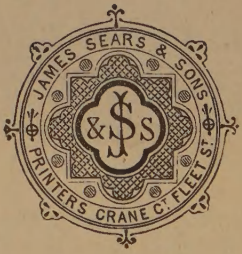
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Dedicated

To My Mother.

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PREFACE.

IN December, 1881, the desire of years was accomplished, and I started on "My Ramble through Bible Lands." My firm conviction of the Second Coming and Kingdom of Messiah, the restoration of Israel, and the reality of prophecy, impelled me to compare for myself the "Land and the Book." It was my privilege to be associated with friends like-minded with myself, under the guidance of Dr. Cranage, of Wellington, who had made two previous journeys to Palestine. Messrs. H. Gaze and Son undertook the whole of the travelling arrangements, and carried them out in the most satisfactory manner. Through Mr. Crunden, their indefatigable representative who accompanied us, they amply provided for all the exigencies of travel. In the Holy Land especially, while under the care of Mr. Alexander Howard, of Jaffa, everything experience could devise was done to minimise the toil, discomfort, and danger inseparable from such a journey. Camp-life under their auspices was rendered luxurious and enjoyable. Their foresight and care, and the society of such friends, enhanced the pleasure and delight with which I visited the scenes of sacred story, and I gratefully record my indebtedness.

The following simple sketches of what I saw, and heard, and felt, originated in letters written home. These were afterwards printed by the Sunday School Union in serial form for Sunday School teachers, and are now re-published by request.

It is one of the signs of the times that universal and unprecedented interest is felt and manifested in all that relates to the Holy Land, and its approaching restoration. Recent events in Egypt have greatly conduced to this, and remarkably corroborated my remarks on leaving Beyrout. May these sketches of Bible Lands for Bible readers deepen this interest, and serve to invest Bible scenes with greater vividness and reality, and intensify the longing for the coming of Him whose right it is to reign.

WILLIAM J. RIDGES.

Darlington Street, Wolverhampton,
September 15th, 1882.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

It is my privilege to send forth this issue with the addition of the honoured name of the gifted Jewish lady, now my wife, who, not counting her life dear, has been "separated to the Gospel of God," "to preach Him among the Gentiles."

WM. BRRYMAN RIDGES.

October 14th, 1885.

A Ramble through Bible Lands.

I.—Across the Mediterranean

LEAVING London at night, I had a rapid journey by the new express of 850 miles to Cannes on a visit to a brother. On returning from a pleasant excursion through the Riviera into Italy, it was my privilege to meet the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon staying at the Victoria Hotel, Mentone.

At Marseilles I met the rest of our party of eleven. Long fine streets, lined with avenues of trees, intersect this city, which is second only to Paris. The chief feature, however, of Marseilles is its enormous docks and extensive shipping. At noon, December 15th, 1881, we embarked on the Messageries S. S. *Emyranthe*, our floating home for the next week. Soon we left the confusion and the din all behind, and as we rapidly steamed out into the bay the grandeur of the coast line was displayed. Passing rocks, forts, and islets in quick succession, we were soon on the open Mediterranean. Gaily we met to luncheon, but alas, not so for dinner, for although favoured with a smooth passage, some soon succumbed to the *mal de mer*. Thanks to medicine and care I escaped fairly well, and slept through the roughest night of all. On account of the partial gale the course was changed to go North of Corsica, which was sighted in the morning. During the day we enjoyed the delicious "*dolce far niente*" of the sea passing Elba, Monte Christo, and coasting down Italy with its backbone of Apennines in view. Next day, Saturday, we found ourselves approaching the glorious

bay of Naples. Far away in the distance rises a mountain whose conical summit seems familiar to us. Can it be Vesuvius? Yes! for see, yonder is the pillar of cloud curling upward from its top. There can be but one Vesuvius, and surely this must be, this is it. Now we are passing the classic shores of Ischia, and rounding its headland, we enter the famous bay. What a marvellous combination of sea and coast line, of fertile plains and barren mountains, white-walled villages, and vine-clad slopes, the horizon bounding the whole being filled by the grand outline of mountains, conspicuous amongst which rises Vesuvius, its wreath ascending like sacrificial smoke to Heaven. At its feet, circling round the bay, lay the doomed cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, together with all the cities which have been built upon their ruins. Whether seen at sunrise, or at sunset, amid noon-day splendours, or in the pale moonlight, the whole scene is full of loveliness and unvarying beauty.

But our thoughts went back some eighteen centuries to the time when the Apostle Paul crossed the bay, a prisoner for Christ. There lay Puteoli where he landed, and from here he gazed on those cities, then gorgeous in their magnificence as voluptuous in their character, doomed to destruction. On Aug. 23, A.D. 79, but ten years after, the inhabitants were repairing the damage caused by an earthquake, when "suddenly, and without any warning, a vast column of black smoke burst from the overhanging mountain. Rising to a prodigious height in the cloudless summer sky, it then gradually overspread the heavens, hiding the sun, and overshadowing the earth. The darkness grew into profound night; only broken by the blue and sulphureous flashes which darted from the pitchy cloud. Soon a thick rain of thin light ashes fell upon the land. Then quickly succeeded showers of small hot stones, mingled with heavier masses, and emitting stifling mephitic fumes. After a time the sound as of approaching torrents was heard, and soon streaming rivers of dense black mud poured slowly but irresistibly down the mountain sides and curled through the streets, insidiously creeping into such

recesses as even the subtle ashes had failed to penetrate." Pliny, describing his efforts to save that noble mother of his, says: "Every now and then we were obliged to shake off the heavy cloud of ashes, or otherwise we should have been crushed or buried in a heap." In three days the doomed city had disappeared. It lay beneath a vast mass of ashes, pumice-stones, and lava. So fell Pompeii.

Immediately on coming to anchor the ship was surrounded by boats conveying various dealers and people. The divers also commenced their aquatic diversions, bringing up from the clear bottom any coin thrown in. The health formalities gone through, we landed to obtain letters and telegrams. Here, too, one member, a lady, had to obtain a fresh outfit, her luggage having been left behind at Charing Cross. Picturesque and semi-Oriental were the scenes which presented themselves as we drove through the streets on various excursions. Entering a fine church of the Jesuits we found a congregation listening to the earnest preaching of a priest, with all around the confessional in full sway. In this latter it is the power of Rome lies. Nothing can stand against the espionage thus established. Returning, we passed through the Toledo, a long narrow street, unparalleled in the world for the life and amount of humanity it contains. There are said to be no less than 30,000 persons to be found there at any time of the day. Dense masses of people swarmed everywhere, rendering it difficult to proceed. The constantly recurring side streets revealed the same ever-shifting masses. All was full of colour, but it must be confessed, reeking with dirt.

Wending our way back to the steamer, we were soon off for a voyage of 1,069 miles to Alexandria. Castellamare, Salerno, and Capri, the Island of the Cæsars' infamies were passed before we settled down for the night. On Sunday morning, while dressing, through our port-holes we saw we were in the Straits of Messina, and going on deck had our first glimpse of Etna. On the opposite side lay Reggio the Rhegium of Paul, with the terminus of the railway, while behind were the heights of

Aspro-monte, the scene of Garibaldi's victory, as Reggio was of his landing. One of the most agreeable features of the voyage is the fact, that not a day passes without land being in view. As we rounded the boot of Italy, the burning Etna disclosed itself in rare magnificence of beauty. Its pyramidal form of colossal proportions was clad as with sheeted silver, with spurs of rock on either side, while all below the snow line was in shadow. Hour after hour it was still in view, "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Now reposing, bathed in sunlight, one could scarce credit the tremendous force concealed, or the possibility of the awful destruction of recent occurrence. During the forenoon the Bishop of Limerick conducted service in the ladies' cabin, preaching from Luke xvii. 27. On Monday we sighted Greece, and on Tuesday skirted the coast of Crete. To-day we arrive at Alexandria.

II.—Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA is the gate of Egypt. On arriving in the harbour we are surrounded by a mob of swarthy and tumultuous Arabs with a fleet of boats. We crossed the extensive and crowded harbour to the Custom house, and our passports having been examined, were allowed to pass with luggage unopened. The long narrow streets introduced us to a new world of human beings. We were plunged into the East, and the memories of that day, with its feelings of novelty and wonder, not to be produced at second time, are ineffaceable. Its charm and fascination lay in the total difference between East and West. Instantly we were pounced upon with the universal cry of backsheesh from beggars, hideous and disgusting, of every hue and colour. Through streets swarming with motley crowds of Turks, Greeks, Jews,

Armenians, Hindus, Copts, Arabs, Nubians, and lined with shops and cross-legged shopkeepers, we passed to the hotel Abbat. In the afternoon we drove round to see the few sights of Alexandria; Pompey's Pillar a gigantic monolith of granite, the Mussulman Cemetery, the Pasha's gardens, and along the sweet water canal. The chief interest, however, centred in the picturesque scenes of oriental life and manners, surrounding us on all hands. Here we had the first illustrations of Scripture in the water-carriers, men with water skins on their shoulders, and women with jars gracefully poised on their heads.

We left at six in the evening for Cairo, running the 130 miles in four hours and a half. The speed was fast, the riding rough, but finding our engine-driver was as English as ourselves, we were all the more assured as to our safety. Amidst the usual oriental confusion and babel of tongues, we drove off to the Hotel Nil in the heart of the city, or rather we should say, as near as carriages could take us. Through the narrow alley approaching it we had to walk.

On awaking next morning we find ourselves in a fairy land of tropical vegetation; orange trees and palms fill the square courtyard, round which the hotel is built. The climate is delightful; we are transplanted from winter into summer and perpetual sunshine. The thermometer stood at 127 degrees.

At eight o'clock we started for the Pyramids—those mysterious piles of stone which people were wondering at before Abraham was born. But soon something older still comes in sight, that old-world river, "the father of waters,"

> "Whose waves have cast
> More riches round them, as the current rolled
> Through many climes its solitary flood,
> Than if they surged with gold."

Truly the Nile is a river of life. Without it Egypt were not. Herodotus calls Egypt "an acquired country, the gift of the Nile." Through its long course of 3,000 miles it spreads fertility in the midst of barrenness. In it is bound up the destiny of the land and the nation,

rendering Egypt the most singular of countries. What reminiscences crowd upon us as we try to realise the fact that this silent mighty flowing stream is the ancient river of history : memories of Joseph whose granaries were built close by ; of Moses and the Israelites ; of Pharaohs and monarchs, down to Speke and Livingstone. All the objects which met the eye and filled in the view were appropriate. There were picturesque boats and palm trees on the further shore, and yonder were those grey triangles of stone rearing their giant forms only a few miles off. Yet, withal, from the pictures seen from childhood they seemed so natural and true, like "locks of snowy hair on the old head of the world."

Crossing the magnificent girder bridge which spans the river we drive along its banks and then across the green border lawn to the Pyramids. As we approach, the larger they seem to grow. Yet it is not so much their size as the elevated platform on which they stand, which strikes one. Not however till we get near and under do we get any true conception as to their immensity. Seized by the bare-armed, white-teethed, white-clad, and dark-complexioned children of the desert we commenced the ascent of the huge stone stairs. Tier after tier was surmounted, half dragged and half lifted, till perforce we must rest ; and so by dint of pulling and tugging at last we reached the top. One undaunted lady of the party of heavy proportions reached the summit by the aid of five swarthy Arabs. But once on the top what a view meets our wondering eyes. Towards the East glitters the Nile, with its verdant valley of rich arable land. Yonder rise the thousand minarets and domes of Le Grand Caire, behind which rise the citadel and lofty minarets of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, while the Mokattam hills, forming the chief mass of colour in the landscape, fill up the background. To the West stretch the brown sands of the great Sahara Desert, one vast death-like scene. To the South rise the Pyramids of Sakkara and Memphis; to the North those of Abu Roush. At our feet lay the Sphinx and temples and monuments of the inex-

haustible past. The inexhaustible past truly so, past the Crusader, past the Roman Empire, past Moses, and Joseph, and Abraham. We look upon the big stones and ask, Who built them? What were they built for? and who was Cheops? But we see shells in the limestone, and still we ask when were the occupants of these shells alive? and so we get beyond Adam and Eve, soon lost in the infinite cycles of geology. And yet while the oldest of human monuments, it bids fair to be the latest. It is the wonder of the world. Descending by the welcome aid of the Arabs, we took off our boots and prepared to explore the dusty interior of the great Pyramid. Through long passages we toiled, now downwards and now upwards, till at last passing through a lofty corridor we stand in the king's chamber. On lighting my magnesium lamp the hidden recesses and sarcophagus were revealed to our gaze. Strange was it to stand in this chamber of the dead and listen to the reverberations as we sang together. Thankful we were to emerge from the suffocating and slippery passages into sunlight and life once more. Returning to Cairo, we took a boat down the Nile to the world-famed museum of Boulac. Here we saw the recently discovered mummies of the very Pharaohs, together with the inscribed stone tablets describing them. Mariette Bey, the indefatigable collector of these antiquities, who died recently, is buried in the garden.

The scene at Alexandria is repeated at Cairo, pilgrims and donkeys, dirt and dust. Cairo, however, takes us further still into Eastern life. The street life is a moving panorama of all nationalities, creeds, languages, and costumes, reminding one of the "Arabian nights." Indeed, enquire what story that turbaned, many coloured assemblage are so intently listening to while they sit cross-legged smoking, and the answer will probably be, the "Arabian Nights." The streets are thronged with many hued people, sitting, working, eating, and smoking on the ground. It is a perpetual carnival, which to be understood must be seen. Runners preceded us wherever we drove, with their wand of office to

clear the way. The view of the city and distant pyramids from the citadel is one of the finest pictures in the world. The sands and hills of the great deserts beyond were enveloped in a dark, gloomy, impenetrable sand storm. Visiting the famous mosques and making purchases in the bazaar occupied the rest of our time.

Quarantine on the coast of Palestine compelled us to leave at noon on Friday, Dec. 23rd. The route to Ismaillia lay across the land of Goshen. Ever and anon we passed scenes of Biblical interest, amongst others Yehudizeh, where the Jews, expelled from Palestine, founded a colony and built a temple, in warrant for which Onias, the high priest, urged Isaiah (xix. 18).

The climax of interest was reached at the station Ramses, the site of the ancient city built by the Israelites for Pharaoh. Here men like ourselves planned and laboured, lived and died, thousands of years ago, and are yet alive somewhere. Strangely incongruous did it seem taking train to Ramses, the city of the past. From here it was the Israelites commenced their long, weary journey to Canaan. What took them forty years is accomplished in half that number of hours. Taking steamer down the Suez Canal, in six hours we reached Port Said, and thence in fourteen hours Jaffa. As we write the hills of Judah lie bathed in sunshine, inviting us to enter on our interesting pilgrimage.

III.—In the Land.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1881, the first Christmas ever passed outside the family circle, was spent in weary quarantine off Jaffa. A happy Christmas yet it was, that memorable Sunday of quiet waiting and writing, a restful preparation for the weeks of pilgrimage before us. Eagerly we awaited ten minutes to nine on Monday morning, at which moment the twenty-four hours of durance vile expired. The dark flat-roofed houses of

Jaffa, climbing the steep hill-side from the yellow gleaming beach, bounded by the great sand dunes extending North and South, will ever be photographed on the memory. One wanted to bathe in the clear water, but recoiled from the idea on remembering the sharks. At last we have tumbled into the boat and are nearing the one narrow entrance through the reef, then, one exciting moment as the rowers with song and swing pull through, we are in smooth water, and in another moment touch the sacred soil. As our foot treads the ground the delightful feeling grows upon me, "I am in Palestine." We ascend the one steep arched street by flights of steps, and through bazaars of all kinds, and motley rainbow coloured crowds of different nations, the hotel is reached. The morning was spent in visiting Miss Arnot's schools, and the hospital. Beneath an eastern sun we passed through narrow lanes lined with prickly cactus hedges to the gardens and far-famed orange groves of Jaffa, which gave me an idea of rich and luxuriant fruitfulness, more than anything else I have seen. Oranges, lemons, palms, bananas, pomegranates, in luscious clusters invited our taste, which we were told to pluck and eat; we did, and such oranges, sweet lemons, and fruits, as we had only dreamt of before. About eight millions of oranges are grown every year in these gardens; several hundreds are borne by a single tree, and they are sold wholesale for about threepence the hundred. The size, too, is extraordinary, being a foot in circumference, while some reach seventeen inches. Nothing equals to my mind an orange tree laden with its golden fruit. What a paradise for our Sunday School children on their annual treat. Ascending to the flat housetop, we had a fine view of Jaffa and its lovely surroundings. There lay the large building in which the Jews are compelled to live altogether for protection from Mahommedan fanaticism. Close to us is the queer-looking cemetery, yonder is the German colony, and away in the far distance is the wavy line of Judæan hills, in sight of which we were to journey, while bounding the whole lay the blue Mediterranean with its white fringe of foam.

But now comes the great event of the day. It is time to mount and start, for we have fifteen miles to reach our camp which has preceded us. No slight matter this, what with selecting horses, adjusting saddles, and the multitudinous matters inseparable to an expedition of so many miles. Our cavalcade consisted of some forty-three horses and animals, and twelve servants, conveying seven tents; and all this for a party of twelve, exclusive of escort, occasional soldiers, and guides. At one o'clock the word is given and we are off. One of our horses rushes through the crowded market-place, scattering its occupants, to the terror of its rider, while another lady is thrown, happily without damage. Wending our way amidst droves of camels, horses, mules, and asses, we soon leave Jaffa, and passing through its gardens and by the house of Tabitha, gain the open country. To all it was a novel, and to most it was a trying, experience, this first day on the saddle, yet one of intense interest. Welcome was the sight of those seven white tents pitched at Jabneel, as we descried them about five o'clock. We are in a land of new experiences, and again we have them in commencing tent life, but under most favourable circumstances with their luxurious appointments. A fresh surprise awaited us in the shape of an excellent Christmas dinner which Mr. Howard (the noted contractor for such tours) had thoughtfully provided, to make up for our quarantine. Amongst other dishes we had the familiar turkey, and a finer flaming Christmas pudding we never tasted. And yet another surprise. A friend and myself, entering the village with our guide, found ourselves in the midst of another feast, that of an Eastern wedding. They invited us to the best places, and pressed us to partake of the feast, which we did. Weird were the surroundings in the light of the fire—men standing in a row, surging backward and forward to the advance of the bridegroom in front, while the women were all seated together. Gratefully we retired to rest, and though somewhat disturbed by the dogs and jackals, awoke much refreshed next morning. The des-

cription of our first day must answer for the rest, although our adventures and experiences were varied by one mishap and another, most of us getting thrown, one gentleman badly, and in another case, a horse lay down with its fair occupant in the middle of a deep pond.

Our course from Jaffa lay south, through the Philistine country to Gaza, some fifty miles. After visiting the magnificent ruins of Ascalon we camped on Tuesday night at Mejdel, an extensive and manufacturing village. On Wednesday the way led through luxuriant olive groves, and for seventeen miles over rich rolling corn lands to Gaza, the last four being beneath a fine avenue of trees. Arriving at one, after lunch we explored this most interesting place, larger even than Jerusalem, and containin a greater number of Mahommedans. Gaza will for ever be associated with Samson and the Philistines. We saw his tomb, and outside the town the hill to which he carried its gates.

As there were yet 13 miles to the camp at Bureir, the party hastened on, while a friend and myself accepted the invitation of the Rev. A. Shapira to remain for an hour or two to visit the newly-established church mission. We were greatly interested with this Jewish clergyman and his arduous work amongst the most fanatical population of Mahommedans. Escorted by three friends we afterwards rapidly rode to our distant camping ground, which we found, however, something of an adventure in the dark. In one village there had been a terrible fight that morning between the Arabs, no less than forty having been wounded. The Turkish officers were there investigating, as also the medical missionary supported by Mr. Shapira. Right glad were we, after some difficulty, to find our way to camp, and more so our friends to see us safe, and what was most important to us, in time for a well-earned dinner. Before retiring my companion descried a man stealthily creeping in and out of the cactus hedges around the camp, and for some time we dodged and watched him ; the supposed marauder, however, turned out to be our guard, ever on the alert.

Hitherto we had been travelling in the Shepilah, or fruitful lowlands, now our way was Northward across wide alluvial plains rising to the uplands. Magnificent views of the purple tinted Judæan hills, topped with silvery clouds, illuminated by the summer sun, ever and anon broke upon our view as we neared them. The prospect and the atmosphere were exhilarating. Rafoul, one of our Arab conductors, racing with me sadly came to grief. After seventeen miles we reached our camping ground at Jebrin in the wet. Alas, our tents were not arrived, so we set off to explore the immense caverns and rock dwellings in the limestone hills around. One of large extent and ramifications was finely hewn into chambers, and a church adorned with ancient carving. On Friday we completed the nineteen miles to Hebron by one o'clock, in order to spend the afternoon in exploring this old world place, still called El Khalil, the City of the Faithful. Its appearance, rising gently on the sloping hill side, is imposing. The approach to it lies through an upland open valley, and olive groves, gardens, and orchards, but above all those famous vineyards of Eshcol. Into the Mosque covering the cave of Machpelah, of course, we were not allowed to enter, although the privilege was permitted of thrusting our hands through a hole in the wall nearest to the sacred precincts. That the Mahommedans here are most fanatical, we soon found to our cost, being mobbed by the howling dervishes enraged by the mere presence of strangers; stones were thrown, and quickly mounting, we hastened away from the hooting crowd. We were glad to lodge that night within the new Greek convent at the well-known Abraham's oak, away from the town.

On Saturday we left our hospitable home for Bethlehem, seventeen miles distant. The track wound through terraced valleys, and over rough stony hills, passing the pool where the Eunuch was baptised and Solomon's pools. These three great reservoirs remain to attest his glory and still supply water to Bethlehem. Miss Burdett Coutts offered at her own expense to repair them and again bring the water to Jerusalem, in order to meet the

great dearth there. The offer was declined, unless they could have the money first and do it themselves, and so to this day Jerusalem remains famished for want of water. With our conductor I rode on in advance to Bethlehem in order to secure accommodation if possible in the Latin Hospice of the Church of the Nativity, rather than venture to sleep under canvas over the Sunday. After considerable discussion the superior was induced to allow us in the convent, for which, before leaving, we made a *douceur* of 100 francs. Bethlehem, with its industrial thriving Christian population, was in glad contrast to fanatical Hebron. Prosperity seemed reflected in the handsome faces, dresses, and good manners of the inhabitants. Situated on an amphitheatre of hills, crowned by the Church of the Nativity and its three fortress-like convents, it is one of the most picturesque spots. Terraces like gigantic stairs descend to the olive groves and corn fields, the shade and verdure of which relieve the eye from the dazzling glare of the white limestone everywhere present in Palestine. The sacred localities of Bethlehem are all seen under one roof, that of the oldest Christian church in the world, the same indeed within whose friendly walls we are sheltered. It is possessed in common by the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians, whose chapels occupy the choir and transepts only. Beneath the old church is the cave of the Nativity, with its various grottoes. A Latin inscription records that "Here, of the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ was born." But it is not so much the place which imparts to it such overwhelming interest, but the one fact of all facts, the centre of the world's existence and of its whole history—the Incarnation. We could only love, wonder, and adore the infinite condescension of Him, who for us men and our salvation, became God manifest in the flesh. Memories of Ruth and Boaz, of the shepherd king, and of the Well of Bethlehem, are suggested as we gaze on the surrounding landscape, but all are lost in the story of David's Son, born in Bethlehem, "the least of the thousands of Judah."

IV. The City of the Great King.

DESIROUS of spending Sunday—as it was New Year's Day, 1882—in the holy city, I went over from Bethlehem on Saturday, riding the six miles in forty minutes, in order to reach the Jaffa gate before sunset. After passing the tomb of Rachel, and on surmounting the encircling ridge of "the mountains round about Jerusalem," the great city burst upon my view. The saddle having slipped, I had dismounted, and on turning round—

> "Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies!
> Behold, Jerusalem salutes our eyes."

Are those yellow walls and embattled towers and innumerable domes Jerusalem? The doubt is quickly satisfied as forms of mosque, and minaret, and tower, familiar from childhood, rivet my attention; and I realise that the anticipations of years are fulfilled. Yonder is Mount Zion—its citadel rising behind; there Mount Moriah—crowned by the giant dome of the Mosque of Omar; and to the East the triple summit of the Mount of Olives. Radiant with all the glory of the setting sun, it formed a picture nevermore to be forgotten. Rapidly descending the stony road—if road it can be called—over rocks still in their pristine condition, I rode round the Eastern walls and entered through the Jaffa gate. Reverential feelings were rudely dispelled, as my horse began to slide, and stumble, and skate over the smooth, round, slippery, kidney stones, the only apology for a street. Now his fore leg, now his hind leg went off in a slide, or drew back in a shudder, and I hesitated whether or not to dismount. Allowing the horse to pick his way, I was glad to get through without being blocked by a camel (which fills up the narrow passage), and turning into Christian Street soon reached the Damascus Hotel. A quaint doorway leads up to the queerest hotel imaginable, wonderfully confused with outside stories, and stairs, and balconies. More

picturesque and beautiful still was the magnificent view from its flat roof, comprising the whole of the Eastern side of the city, with the Mount of Olives filling up the background. My bedroom, detached by itself, occupied a corner of this room commanding the sacred panorama.

The last hours of the old year were spent in a walk down the Via Dolorosa and through St. Stephen's Gate to the outside of the city. Like Nehemiah of old I viewed the walls and battlements in the bright moonlight. The size of the stones is enormous, some measuring 38 feet in length. Clambering through the whited sepulchres crowded together under the walls, I made my way past the Golden Gate to the corner of the Haram enclosure. Captain Warren, by sinking his shaft near the corner, found that they extend 80 feet below the surface, through a mound of *debris*, while over and upon them are built the modern walls enclosing the temple area. The parallel wall on the Western side, with equally large, bevelled stones, is the celebrated Place of Wailing. We saw here a most affecting scene. The wall was lined with Jews repeating, with hysterical grief, antiphonal invocations to Jehovah to remember Zion, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. In most cases, especially with the women, there appeared to be an intensity of woe and anguish of feeling, as they kissed the hoary stones, bedewing them with their tears. I found slips of paper containing Hebrew prayers inserted between the stones. To watch that continuous stream of sorrow coming and going, as it has come and gone ever since that Temple was destroyed, is perhaps at once the most pathetic and saddening scene under the sun. What light amidst darkness, what darkness amidst light; what undying hopes in the future; what touching superstition; what belief and unbelief.

Early on New Year's morning I visited the Mount of Olives. Descending the valley of Jehoshaphat, and across the Kedron, I entered the garden of Gethsemane. Disappointed I was, as I knew I should be; the place is walled around, and the priests have defiled and disfigured it with their mummeries, converting it into an ugly garden of flower beds. The grand old olives alone seemed to

recall the memories of our Saviour's woe. I hastened to quit the scene and ascend the Mount that Jesus so often trod, away from the mockings and revilings of men, and a rough, steep ascent soon brought me to the summit. Bright and beautiful in the morning sun, Jerusalem lay four square, "on the sides of the North, the City of the Great King." From where I stood the city rises in all its venerable grandeur, with its domes and mosques, its flat-roofed houses, and grey massive walls, its churches and convents, crowned by the imposing Dome of the Rock. "Beautiful for situation," grandly enthroned on hills and encircled by mountains, this was the City of God, founded by Melchizedek, taken by David, beautified by Solomon, rebuilt by Nehemiah, conquered by Alexander, and destroyed by Titus. Thus memories of kings and prophets pass in quick succession, all eclipsed by Him of whom they wrote and sung. Here it was that a "Greater than Moses" lived, taught, and died; from this mount He ascended into Heaven, and upon this mount "His feet shall stand in that day" when He shall return.

Opening my Bible I read, "And as He sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the Temple, they asked Him privately, Tell us, when shall these things be?" Christ had said, passing out of the Temple for the last time, "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Seated near the same spot overlooking the old Temple area and wall, I read "all these sayings," noting their literal fulfilment as to the past, yet only the prelude to the far more exceeding glory to be revealed on that spot when "the Redeemer shall come to Zion."

The site of the Temple is usurped by the Mosque of Omar, whose magnificent dome glistened in the sunlight, while everything appeared so close and clear that you could almost count the stones. Occupying the great Haram area, it ever forms the chief feature of the scene. Thoughts of the great past, of the mournful present, and of the glorious future flitted before my mind as I descended the mount. Where the path crosses the Kedron the underground Church of the Virgin is situated. Entering through its

long passages I was surprised to find an inner cave filled with people receiving a free breakfast.

We had seen the exterior of the Haram-Esh-Sherif or the Noble Sanctuary from the Mount of Olives. Now, after some formalities and payments, permission was obtained to enter the sacred precincts. With a guard from the English Consulate could we alone with safety cross the Holy Place, the most memorable spot on earth. The area occupying one-fourth of the city, is of rectangular shape, and covered with stone pavement. Crossing this, we reach the small mosque of the chain fronting the entrance. We walk round to view the gorgeous structure; and then, taking off our shoes, enter. A solemn awe steals over us, as we are irresistibly impressed by its exquisite proportions, its simplicity of design, and wonderful beauty. The effect is heightened by stained glass windows of intense and glowing colours. Indeed, the charm of the whole lies in the rich oriental variety of colours wondrously harmonized and blended. But what is this which chiefly attracts the eye and arrests the attention, an object never seen before in such a place or beneath any roof? Under the centre of the vast dome lies an unhewn mass of rock, 60 feet by 50 feet. Carefully railed round and guarded is the sacred rock—the summit of Mount Moriah. Here, Abraham was about to offer Isaac; here, on this rock, David offered sacrifice to stay the plague; over this spot was the Holy of Holies built. What wonder, then, that such a shrine should be consecrated by one of the finest temples in Christendom.

We must not omit the cluster of churches, chapels, and shrines known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Under Constantine the Great the site of the crucifixion was diligently sought for, that thereon a church might be erected. This ancient Basilica was the result, while the different chapels belonging to the Greek, Latin, and Coptic churches in course of time became added to it, a testimony to the unity of Christendom. The first time we visited it at six on Sunday morning it was thronged with worshippers. Through past ages streams of pilgrims have flowed in endless succession here, and flow

still. The priests have localised beneath the roof of this one church all the events of our Lord's passion, and in the sepulchre itself they still carry out the pretended miracle of the sacred fire from Heaven. One word as to all these legends: the most sacred spots connected with the life and death of the Saviour of the world have been concealed,

"Like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well."

The site of the true Calvary is to me of surpassing interest. There is a skull-shaped, rocky, isolated elevation outside the Damascus gate which, there is every reason to believe, is the place "where they crucified Him." It has rock caverns and tombs, and answers all the requirements of the Gospel narrative, and its identity is supported by strong evidence.

Jerusalem contains about 24,000 persons, of whom 13,000 are Moslems, 7,000 Christians, and 4,000 Jews. The latter are living for the most part in a state of pauperism. Numbers of Jews flock there only that they may lay their bones in its venerated dust. The city is crushed beneath the dominion of the hated Turk—strangers inhabit, while the rightful owners are degraded despoiled, and scattered. Thus will they be till "they look on Him whom they have pierced." Friends living there could only tell us the Government was incapable of improvement, and that no hope of amelioration remained. Even those who would benefit the city at large cost are thwarted by those who will neither do themselves nor allow others to do. To realise the Jerusalem of the past in that of the present you must come with faith, then the very air you breathe will be fragrant with the holy presence of Jesus Christ. Of Him it is said, "When He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it, saying, O, Jerusalem! O, Jerusalem! if thou hadst known the day of thy visitation; behold your house is left unto you desolate." Such must be the feeling of every Christian, and *desolation*, in a word, is at once a description of the city and of the land.

V. Jordan and the Dead Sea.

ON Monday, January 2nd, after visiting the excellent schools and orphanage of Mr. Muller, we left Bethlehem for Mar Saba *en route* to the Dead Sea. Our Bashi Bazouk guard was changed for the escort of the Bedouin Sheiks of the district, without whom it would be unsafe to traverse the wilderness solitudes. Gorgeous was their dress, and wild their evolutions, as in pretended fight they flew in advance and wheeled backward and forward. My horse became so excited that he charged after them at a terrific pace to the danger of its rider, as their long lances were brandished in unpleasant proximity. I measured one and found it twelve feet long.

Passing David's "well by the gate of Bethlehem," and down the steep declivity of hill terraces, we reached the Shepherd's Fields, where, according to tradition, the angelic messenger appeared, and the "Gloria in Excelsis" was first sung. Crossing them we entered the terrible wilderness of Judæa, which creeps up almost to the vines and olive groves of Bethlehem. From a ridge I caught a glimpse of Jerusalem unnoticed by others, and stoutly disputed by Mordecai, our dragoman. He was forced, however, reluctantly to yield, as the Mosque of Omar once seen cannot be mistaken. Some distance further on we obtained a fuller view through the Gorge of the Kedron, to most of the party their first view of the Holy City.

Our camp was pitched at Mar Saba, near the convent founded in the fifth century by an ascetic of that name. A straggling group of fortified buildings clings to the side of a precipice over 400 feet above the ravine of the Kedron, supported by huge stone buttresses. It is the most curious structure in Palestine. Walls, towers, chapels, and chambers are perched on the face of rocky crags, brown as the crags themselves. The opposite side of the gorge is honey-combed with caves, once the abode of hermits, now of jackals, bats, and owls. Amidst the

deathly solitude the convent and its forty wretched inmates seemed alike dead. The priests here of the Greek Church are most degraded. Shut out from all the tender grace of life by the walls which no woman is allowed to enter and no monk to pass out of, theirs is one lifelong imprisonment. We were shown St. Saba's cave, in which he is said to have lived with a lion, his chapel, relics, and sepulchre. Our ladies could only accompany us to view this stupendously riven "Valley of Fire," from a distance, when it appeared more pleasing to the eye by moonlight. But it was only a flying visit, as our presence was discovered by the marauding Arabs below, whom we heard signalling to each other.

Rise at four, breakfast at five, and start at six, was the order next morning, and as soon as the light would allow us to pick our difficult way, we left for the Dead Sea. With all my care I lost the path, and had to scramble on as best I could, leading, or rather misleading those behind. The camp equipage was despatched by an easier route direct to Jericho, our resting place that night. Owing to the difficulty of passing in the narrow tracks, when practicable it was sent by an alternative route; the chief object being to get the tents up before our arrival.

With the utmost difficulty our horses stumbled and slid down the interminable series of rocky stairs to the Kedron, a prelude to a rugged descent to the great depression of the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean. We had already descended 1,618 feet from Bethlehem, and the sea was still 2,224 feet below. Of this I was reminded by my aneroid ceasing to indicate below the sea level. Hitherto we had traversed the stratified limestone of the mountains above; now we entered a volcanic region—the ghastly desert called in Scripture "Jeshimon," or solitude. It consists of a long succession of glaring ridges, with long fantastic knolls and peaks, absolutely treeless and waterless; all of one repulsive colour—a tawny yellow. Rocks, partridges, camels, and foxes are alike of one general glare, only relieved by the black tents of the Bedouins. I was

interested to learn that part of this scorched and desolate solitude bordering on the Salt Sea still bears the ancient name of Amriych, or Gomorrah. The highest summit, also, of the ridge of mountains above the plateau has been indentified as the Mountain of the Scapegoat. It was a wild ride over hill and valley and along steep precipices.

At length we came forth from the hilly seclusion, and caught sight of that deep mysterious gulf, over-shadowed by mountains falling sheer down into its waters. In five hours from Mar Saba we were on the plain at the head of the sea. The heat was oppressive, and horses and riders became jaded with the slow progress during the last hour through thorny bushes and trees. Occasionally my horse got me into a position reminding me of Absalom. Hearing a shriek behind I saw one of our ladies pitched into the midst of a furze bush, happily more frightened than hurt. She suffered more from her next plunge, shortly after, into the Salt Sea, with mouth and eyes open, receiving a nauseous dose from which she did not so easily recover. The oily bituminous water is thick with one-fourth its bulk of salt, yet so clear that one could see the bottom as we swam over it, till it shelved down some 1,300 feet. After such a fatiguing ride the bathe was most delightful and refreshing. The sensation of sitting, walking, and floating where you could not sink was most strange. We endeavoured to reach a small island near, but the density of the water prevented much progress. Emerging we found ourselves coated with salt and our hair glued together. We came out, too, with a voracious appetite, and soon did justice to the repast on the open pebbly beach. Along the desolate shore a white crust of salt indicated the cause of its sterility, while cast up by the sea, dead and barren as itself, lay trees and driftwood bleached like skeletons. No tree, no shrub, no flower enlivens its shores; no ripple crosses its unruffled surface; no fish disturb its waters—all is dead. The surrounding mountains reflect their purple bloom upon the waters, and alone give beauty to the scene. We sat and thought

upon Sodom and Abraham, and the Cities of the Plain, and little Zoar on yonder side. In an hour and a half, beneath a tropical sun, we crossed over a desolate expanse of soft, grey mud to the pilgrim's bathing place at the Fords of Jordan, the traditional site of our Lord's baptism. True to its name, Jordan or "the Descender," the river flows in a brown, turbid, rapid stream, amid a thick tangle of tamarinds, oleanders, willows, and balsam-wood, and is about 80 feet wide. We dipped ourselves seven times in the waters of Jordan to cleanse us from the effects of the Salt Sea; then, by dint of wading and swimming through the swift current, I crossed to the land of Moab. Here the Ark stayed its waters and the Israelites passed over on dry ground; here, too, Elijah crossed to his "chariot of fire." On the line of Joshua's march, across a salt, sandy plain, once as the garden of the Lord, we proceeded to Jericho. Six miles from the fords is the forlorn village of Riha, to which Jericho was removed in consequence of the curse; the city where Zaccheus was called, and Bartimeus healed. Notorious then, so now its inhabitants are notoriously filthy and vile. I had ridden on in advance, and trying to avoid the gesticulating crowd, took the wrong path. Our conductor coming up, we galloped for a mile and a half through a forest of thorny bushes, mustard trees in which fowls might lodge, and the *spina christi* of which the crown of thorns was composed. Again we lost our way, till at last we caught sight of our white tents on a mound in the distance. What a paradise they appeared that weary day as we flung ourselves upon our camp beds.

After rest and a refreshing cup of tea I visited Ain-es-Sultan, the fountain which Elisha sweetened. Though the water is warm it is nevertheless pleasant to drink. Tall reeds, "shaken by the wind," lined the stream flowing from it. I brought home the head of one I cut down, which measured 16 feet. The camp was pitched upon a heap of ruins once within the walls of Jericho. Behind lay two parallel rows of mounds of *debris*, one of which, 100 feet high, has been excavated, revealing

the remains of old buildings. From its summit we saw the vast plain of Jordan, and beyond the giant ridge of Moab; while to the right, glorified by sunset, appeared that strangest sheet of water on earth. Somewhere close to us Rahab received the spies in faith, and to the West was the mountain of the Lord's temptation, to which those spies escaped. Yet one point more attracts us—"the top of Pisgah that rises over against Jericho," from which Moses, the poet, philosopher, and statesman, viewed the Promised Land his feet were forbidden to tread.

"In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there."

On Wednesday we started at eight for Jerusalem. After passing the ruins of the "City of Palm Trees" and Gilgal, we turned into the wild Wady-el-Kelt. For a mile and a half it was a steep rocky ascent. We were going up to Jerusalem, having to ascend 3,474 feet from the Ghor or hollow of Jordan, just as in the opposite direction "a certain man went down." On the right, 400 feet below us, the Brook Cherith cut its way through bare rocky precipices. Ravens abound still as when they fed the Prophet. At half-past eleven we reached the top of the Pass, where the scenery became almost savage in character. Here, of course, we lunched at the Inn or Khan of the Good Samaritan, and as usual read the story aloud. Now, as then, it is the resort of robbers.

Crossing a wild valley, three of us rode on at a rapid pace to Bethany, a miserable village of about 40 mud hovels, inhabited by beggarly Mohammedans. It is still called in honour of Lazarus, El-Azariyeh; and they show his house, tower, and sepulchre, and the home once consecrated by the friendship and presence of Jesus. In striking contrast to that divine yet human sympathy was an incident by the way. Meeting a woman following at a respectful distance behind her husband, she turned

to notice us, whereupon he began to abuse her for so doing, little thinking he was understood by us. In another case I saw a woman beaten. Such instances speak volumes for the degradation of woman in the East. Women worked in the fields while men smoked in indolence. We cantered the two miles into Jerusalem over the hill side path of our Lord's triumphal procession. I received a welcome in my old quarters, and soon became absorbed in news from home.

North of Jerusalem, conspicuous from all the country round, is Neby Samwil, its conical top crowned with village, mosque, and minaret. This is the supposed Mizpeh, or "watch-tower," of Benjamin, the city of Samuel, and contains his tomb. Not only is it the highest peak in Southern Palestine—2,930 feet—but from its central position it commands such views of the most illustrious spots on earth as no other place affords. Persuading a friend to accompany me, and with guides, we rode over a rocky plateau to the summit. Immanuel's Land lay spread out in glorious vista, and before us were the theatres of its grandest histories. To the West is the Mediterranean, from Carmel in the north to Ascalon in the south, and along its glittering shores the plains of Sharon and Philistia. Clear in the distance is Jaffa on a green encircled hill, Ramleh and Lydda, surrounded by orange groves, and nearer still the valley of Ajalon, and Bethoron. Around us are the declivities of Judah's mountains, furrowed deep with many a ravine and bristling with many castle like village and ruin. Bounding the horizon to the East is the vast wall of azure, which, from Galilee to the Dead Sea, ever forms the most striking and unique feature of the country. Away in the South are the hills of Hebron and Bethlehem, while midway is the Mount of Olives, and, begirt with mountains, Jerusalem itself. To the North are the strongholds of Benjamin, the royal Gibeon of Solomon, Ramah, Geba, and Gibeon of Saul, bounded by the hills of Ephraim. From this summit the smallness of the land, seen in its width and length, impresses one.

Palestine is no larger than Wales, and not unlike it in contour and shape, consisting chiefly of a mass of limestone mountains. Travellers come this way to obtain from here their first impressions of the city and the land; and it was from Neby Samwil Richard of the Lion Heart first beheld Jerusalem, and exclaimed, as he covered his face, "Oh! Lord God, I pray that I may never see Thy Holy City, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies."

VI. Jerusalem to Nazareth.

ON Monday, January 9th, with a long line of horses we filed through the Damascus gate on our journey north. Half a mile from the city we halted to examine the Tombs of the Kings, a ramification of chambers excavated in the solid rock, which have been rifled of their contents. Most ingenious were the stone doors with their approaches and fastenings, protected again by the circular stone which had to be rolled away up an inclined groove, easy to close but hard to open. Here we parted with two gentlemen, who being knocked up by the journey of 160 miles to Jerusalem, returned direct to Jaffa.

From the summit of Scopus we last saw the holy city. How many armies had crossed here to its siege; armies of Greece and Rome, of Moslem and Crusader. From this spot the all conquering Alexander gazed in wonder, and dismounting, bowed himself before the interceding high priest; and Titus first viewed the city he was destined to destroy. Farewell, thou city of great kings, of prophets, and of heroes, "until He shall come whose right it is to reign," then shalt thou indeed become "the joy of the whole earth." It was difficult to tear oneself away. Allowing the others to pass on, I lingered to take

a silent farewell, and then one last, long, thankful look, and it was gone. Turning my horse, he flew after his comrades in the distance as fast as the stony descent would allow. We passed between Neby Samwil and Gibeah to Beeroth, where it is said Jesus was missed by His parents. While at lunch, women, with their dowry of coins threaded on their foreheads, came to draw water.

Two miles further along the watershed of Benjamin is Bethel, a wretched cluster of huts with a ruined tower, situated on a commanding eminence. From here Abraham was told to view the land then promised to him; here the Patriarchs erected their first altars; and beneath these terraces, on his stony pillar, Jacob dreamed of the ladder reaching unto Heaven. It is a scene of utter desolation; as foretold by Amos, "Beth-el," "The house of God," has become, literally, Beth-aven, "The house of nought."

Very grateful was the contrast presented to us in the wooded mountains of Ephraim, the loss of historic interest as we go northward being compensated by the more pleasing landscape. Several miles of fig trees were followed by groves of olives, and here and there were men tilling the ground with their rude wooden ploughs. I saw three men digging with one spade, one man pushed it into the ground, the other two standing in front by means of ropes jerked it out. The path through a wild glen was the bed of a torrent, over which only with the greatest difficulty could the horses stumble along. We camped in this glen at Ain-Haramiyeh, the "Robbers' Fountain," so called from the place being one of their favourite resorts. The name was not suggestive of safety, but being a strong party and well guarded all night, our apprehensions were allayed. I walked up the ravine with a friend, revolver in hand. A gentleman well known to me was robbed last year, and another camp was attempted three times during the same night.

Emerging from the pass into open country, we made a detour to Shiloh over extensive corn lands surrounded

by red coloured hills. Shiloh, for four centuries, was the hallowed site of Israel's sanctuary, from the time when Joshua divided the land amongst the tribes assembled there, to the time when old Eli ministered. When the Ark of the Covenant was taken the glory departed from Shiloh. Shut in by mountains, this place alone in all Palestine meets the requirements of the Tabernacle and its service. One of the objects I had in going to the Holy Land was to examine this site, and it was with intense interest that I compared the Land with the Book, and identified a spot which was once the scene of the Shekinah glory.

Returning to the direct northern track, we lunched at Sawieh, and thence descended into the richly cultivated plain of Muknah, extending for seven miles. At the point where Ebal and Gerizim plunge their headlands into it, is a place of historic interest—Jacob's Well. How real and vivid the scene became as we read the story sitting where "Jesus, being wearied with His journey, sat thus by the well," after having travelled over the same road. The Arabs sitting round the well were not a little surprised and pleased to see themselves depicted in one of the photographs in my Bible. The well, at the bottom of a low vaulted chamber, is about seventy feet deep. A short distance from it is the square, white tomb of Joseph. The fertile valley of Nablous, or Shechem, is enclosed between the wooded Gerizim and the barren Ebal, rising up sharply 2,500 feet. The position of Nablous is one of rare beauty, the white oriental domes and graceful minarets of its houses rise out of a sea of foliage. Like all Eastern towns, however, the charm dissolves as we enter within; the streets are merely narrow lanes, filthy, dark, and tunnel-like. Nablous is also remarkable from its geographical position as the centre of Palestine, being 25 miles from Jordan, 25 from the Mediterranean, 90 miles from the northern boundary, and 90 from the south, thus fitting it to be one of the cities of refuge. A friend, Mr. El Karey, resident here, kindly conducted us through the town, and to see the ancient Samaritan

Pentateuch, said to be the oldest book in the world. The high priest attempted to deceive us at first with a copy, but afterwards produced the original. The Samaritan sect admit the authority of the Pentateuch only, and to this day offer sacrifice on Mount Gerizim.

On Wednesday morning we proceeded between terraced hills and winding valleys to Samaria, ten miles distant; orchards and groves extending nearly the whole way. No city had so regal a site as the royal city of Ahab, crowning the oval hill of Samaria which rises from amidst an amphitheatre of mountains. After visiting the church and tomb of St. John, we passed through a street of columns nearly 3,000 feet in length. So numerous are they, that to get rid of them many have been rolled into the valley beneath, fulfilling the prophetic word, "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley;" and again, "Ephraim shall be trodden under foot, and the glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower." Rows of columns mark the site of the royal palace on its levelled top, and Ahab's towers are but heaps of stones.

At Samaria we separated. Six of the party turned back to Nablous and Jaffa; four, including myself, went onwards to Nazareth and Damascus. A hearty shake of the hand on horseback, kindly words and a hurried farewell, and then we saw our friends filing out of sight and homeward. Very quiet we were for some time after the separation, wondering whether or when we should meet again. Before us was a long unknown track amidst the snow; to them haven and home seemed near, but not so near as they expected. The sea being rough their steamer passed by Jaffa without calling, leaving them behind for a week. I found afterwards I was the only one who escaped the tempest and storm on the return.

A sharp climb brought us to the ridge of Bellevue, so called because of the fine view it presented from Samaria to Carmel, and, far away on the horizon, of the snow-clad Hermon to which we are bound. At Sanur we lunched under a fig tree near a fountain, from which

maidens, in richly-coloured dresses, were carrying pitchers of water balanced on their heads, reminding us of Joseph and Dothan hard by. At half-past four we completed our journey of 25 miles to Jenin, where our camp was pitched near running streams. The Enganim—"Fountain of Gardens"—of ancient times; it is a fountain of gardens still. The village contains 3,000 inhabitants, and is situated in the midst of orange groves, surrounded by an impenetrable wall of cactus. Graceful palms and brooks add beauty to the scene, while before us lies the great triangular plain of Esdraelon, bounded by the blue hills of Galilee.

This plain, the Armageddon of the Apocalypse, is made memorable by famous battles in ancient and modern times. Here Gideon and Barak, Saul and Jonathan, Ahab and Jehu, Vespasian and Saladin fought; here Napoleon, with 3,000 men, obtained a victory over ten times that number of Turks; and here he, in turn, was conquered by Britain. The plain of Megiddo is the classic battlefield of Palestine, and yet to be of the world. The mountains of Gilboa and Little Hermon, running out into the eastern base of the plain, divide it into three bays, and across these was our path to Mount Tabor. Leaving Jezreel to the left, we passed round Gilboa to Gideon's Pool, the "Fountain of Jezreel" of Saul's last encampment. It is a small lake of clear water, bordered on one side by banks of maiden-hair ferns and reeds inhabited by wild fowl. A tortoise slid into the water on our approach. It will ever be associated with the heroic Gideon, and his chosen three hundred; the scene at once of Israel's most glorious victory and most disastrous defeat. We could not but notice the accuracy of the Bible descriptions. Comparing the Bible with what we saw, we found its geography perfect, and that this is so throughout the land the Palestine exploration is proving most conclusively. Those who wrote the holy page saw and described the very scenes we gazed upon, and lived beneath the same skies. The Bible is the best handbook to the land, and the impress of the land is stamped upon the Book.

We proceeded through the valley of Jezreel to Shunem —a collection of mud hovels, situated on a slope. There was no "great woman" to entertain us, so we lunched in a lemon grove amidst admiring Arabs. Winding round Little Hermon, Nain was passed, where the dead man heard the Saviour's voice, and the only son was restored to his mother; and afterwards Endor with its caves. The camp was at Deburieh, on the foot of Mount Tabor. There was an extensive view from the mountain of the plain of Esdraelon, and we were surprised to find how little of the rich expanse was cultivated. Built upon and inhabited in the time of our Lord as Tabor was, and is to this day, it could hardly have been the mount of Transfiguration.

Ascending through the hills, Nazareth was reached early on Friday morning.

VII.—Galilee and its Sea.

AT Nazareth we are on holy ground. Fifteen gently rounded hills enclose a peaceful vale, secluding it from the outer world. On the northern slope of this oval hollow is Nazareth, once the home of the child Jesus, where He grew into manhood in subjection to His earthly parents. With what delight must the mysterious, wonderful child have roamed amongst these hills with Mary and Joseph, while they recounted to Him the grand histories connected with the battle-field beneath? What must have been His thoughts as He passed out from the synagogue service to ponder in silence its mystic meaning and allusions to Himself? To the ancient well of the village, near which we were encamped, and of which we drank, how often must the boy Jesus have come, day after day, to draw water with

Mary, and lingered round its basin; and as He grew in years may we not think of Him as hastening to relieve that pensive mother of the task. The only well in the village, it is always crowded with women in picturesque dress, awaiting their turn for the slow running water. It is almost the only trustworthy holy place in Nazareth which we can connect with the history of our Lord. The one other site which we can recognise are the rocks on "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built," behind the Maronite Church. There are numerous holy places shown, such as the workshop of Joseph, the kitchen of Mary, the stone table on which our Lord is said to have eaten with His disciples, and two churches both claiming to cover the site of the Annunciation. The true grandeur of Nazareth lies in its rocky girdle of hills, and its natural scenery unchanged. In the counsels of eternity, with all its beautiful surroundings, it was prepared for the habitation of the God Man; and it is in contemplation of that wondrous life, not in that of its imagined circumstances, that the soul is raised from earth to heaven.

In the afternoon with Dr. Vartan we ascended the Jebel-es-Sikh, a hill behind the town. Rising 1,788 feet, the view from the summit exceeded all our expectations. The three great mountains of Palestine were visible at once; the dark ridge of Mount Carmel projecting into the sea, with the Bay of Acre at its base, the green cone of Mount Tabor, and Hermon, like a monarch with a diadem of snow, overlooking the scene. Galilee, with its lovely verdure-clad hills—the spurs of Lebanon, its valleys, rivers, springs, and lakes, was in striking contrast with the barrenness of the south. To the left was the "great sea westward," to our right were the hills around the sea of Galilee, and on the south was Esdraelon, surrounded by the mountains of Ephraim, Little Hermon, and Gilboa. On the slopes of the hill Dr. Vartan showed us the foundations of the hospital he is hoping to build by the aid of generous friends. Camp life, though pleasant in fine weather, is most disagreeable in the wet, and

this we proved that first night in Nazareth, being deluged by the rain above and below. Next morning Dr. Vartan hastened down and invited us to leave our tents for the friendly shelter of his roof, and we were glad to accept his hospitality during the rest of our stay. Supported by the Edinburgh Medical Mission he has opened a small temporary hospital, and being the only doctor in this part of the country his services are much sought after and appreciated. As the rain prevented our going to Sepphoris we made the best of our way through the narrow sewer-like streets to visit the so-called holy places. Dung hills and filth abounded, making it difficult to proceed. The square built houses are tolerably good, far in advance of the mud villages through which we have been passing. The Latin Church of the Annunciation has extensive buildings, and a hospice which opens its doors to all travellers. On a commanding site, high above the town, is the imposing white orphanage, supported by the Ladies' Education Society. Miss Dickson, the principal, showed us over and we found it scrupulously clean. I had the pleasure of addressing its fifty inmates on the Sunday, and their happy faces and intelligent answers showed the results of Christian love.

The Protestant Church is a fine building in the centre of the town, where the Gospel is preached to an Arab congregation by a native clergyman, and here we attended the English service and communion, conducted by the Rev. F. Bellamy. Though it was the Lord's Day, the presence of the Lord seemed not to be regarded in Nazareth. On the way to church we saw sheep slaughtered in the street, while purchasers waited around clamorous for their meat. It was so when Christ lived here in the days of His flesh. Not knowing their Lord, "they thrust Him out of the city, and led Him to the brow of the hill, that they might cast Him down headlong." True the people are Christians, but it is the lifeless and deformed Christianity of the Roman and Greek churches.

Early on Monday, January 16th, we left for Tiberias. From the encircling ridge we bade adieu to the home of

our Saviour's childhood, and then descended through the hills of Galilee, passing Cana, where His wondrous ministry began, to the plain of Hattin. To our left were the Horns of Hattin, two rounded summits supposed to be the Mount of Beatitudes. In the last and fatal battle of Hattin, in 1187, Saladin destroyed the flower of Christian chivalry, and subjugated the country to the Moslem yoke under which it is groaning to-day. Conspicuous in the distance was Safed, supposed to be "the city set on a hill." From the edge of the plain we caught sight of the most sacred sheet of water on earth—the Sea of Galilee. Hemmed in by mountains, it lay 1,000 feet below, calmly and softly reposing like "a sea of glass." The steep descent to Tiberias on its shores occupied two hours. The traces of the earthquake which laid the city low in 1837 are awfully visible in the shattered walls, decapitated towers, and heaps of ruins. We lunched in the ruined castle, and then strolled, or rather waded, through the filthy streets and shops. The numbers and appearance of the Jews, especially of the Pharisees, greatly interested me. After the destruction of Jerusalem the Sanhedrim was removed to Tiberias, and ever since it has been one of their sacred cities.

Who could visit this hallowed lake without crossing its waters? Besides, we were too tired with six hours on the saddle to proceed nine miles further to our camp at Capernaum. We overcame the difficulties in the way, and engaged one of the few fishing boats to take us by water. On proceeding to the boat, they flatly refused to accept the amount agreed upon—a napoleon; so regretfully we turned back. After we had gone some distance they hailed us, and, unwilling to lose their bargain, now offered to go. I was afraid these Galilean fishermen were going to serve us as they had served some of our friends on a previous visit. On that occasion, after their passengers had embarked, these men demanded three times the stipulated sum. Declining to give way to the extortion they had no alternative but to get out of the boat and wade back to land as best they could. I was, however, bent upon going, and persuaded the others

to make the venture. About a dozen wild, bare-legged Arabs, in scanty, picturesque dress, filled the body of the rude boat, leaving us five but a small space on the poop. Attempting to sit on the rounded deck I rolled over, but grasping hold of a friend, just saved myself from an unpleasant immersion.

Noble and smooth as the waters were it is difficult to believe how susceptible they are of being lashed into terrific storms by sudden blasts down through the mountain ravines. Mr. and Mrs. Mott with whom we stayed in Beyrout, were caught in such a storm and tossed about for twenty-five hours with little hope of reaching land. These were the waters "which owned the presence and power of their Creator, and yielded obedience to that mightiest yet gentlest voice that ever spoke on earth. In a moment the still lake was roused as by 'an earthquake,' and the waves filled the boat; in a moment, when 'He rebuked the wind,' there was a great calm." And somewhere near us it was that Christ walked upon the water to the rescue of His terror-stricken disciples. Often had it borne upon its bosom the incarnate Son of God. McCheyne's lines, written on its shores, express the reverence and gratitude of a true heart looking upon the Sea of Galilee for the first time.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

"Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow,
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But oh, far more! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

"Those days are past—Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

"Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

"O Saviour! gone to God's right hand
Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."

During the two hours we were crossing to Chorazin nothing but the fear of again toppling over kept me from going to sleep, the smoothness and silence of the waters afforded such an agreeable and seductive change from the weary marching. Landing at Tel Hum, which has been identified with Chorazin, we hastily explored its acres of marble columns, capitals, friezes, and ruins. I was fortunate enough to secure a carved bunch of grapes which I brought away. The place was inhabited by Bedouins, from whom we kept at safe distance. Embarking again, we rowed past Bethsaida to our tents, pitched at Ain-et-Tin, the site of Capernaum. We arrived at six, tired out, glad to land in safety and to get rid of our troublesome boatmen without further adventure.

Ain-et-Tin, or the "Fountain of the Fig," is a large spring of warm water beneath a wide spreading fig tree. Close by is Khan Minyeh, which once gave shelter to caravans from Damascus to Egypt. Almost all other trace of the populous city of Capernaum has gone. The woe denounced has been fulfilled to the letter, and Capernaum, the Saviour's "own city," exalted unto heaven, has been cast down unto Hades. It was here when driven out from Nazareth "He came and dwelt." Here He raised the ruler's daughter and performed His mightiest miracles; and here He manifested Himself after His resurrection.

Rising early we bathed, and found the water, to our surprise, delightfully warmed by the stream flowing from the fountain. We revelled in the hot bath. Twice the rushing stream carried away my sponge, and twice it was recovered out in the lake. After breakfast, whilst the others rambled along the shore, I walked round the

limestone bluff sheltering the bay of Bethsaida. The path was through an ancient aqueduct cut in the solid rock, and in ten minutes I reached the pebbly strand of Bethsaida, evidently adapted to its name, the "House of Fisheries." The fishermen are precluded from the use of boats by the heavy tax imposed on them, and being entirely naked are at all times ready for a plunge. Dr. Tristram thus describes one of their methods, "An old Arab sat on a low cliff and threw poisoned crumbs of bread as far as he could reach, which the fish seized, and turning over dead, were washed ashore, and collected for the market. The shoals were marvellous—black masses of many hundred yards long, with the black fins projecting out of the water as thickly as they could pack. No wonder that any net should break which enclosed such a shoal." The lake swarms with fish making dark patches on its surface.

From the summit of the dividing hill I looked down upon the whole scene of our Lord's ministry. Then these shores were the most populous and flourishing part of Palestine; now they are the most deserted. Then the lake was covered with "little ships"; now only one could be seen. For three miles to the south the hills, receding from the shore, enclose the fertile plain of Gennesaret, of which Josephus gives the following glowing description:—"The waters of the lake are sweet and extremely pleasant to drink; fish found here differ from others in flavour and species. The surrounding country is admirable for quality and beauty. Such is the fertility of the soil that it rejects no plant, and so genial is the climate that it suits every variety, for it not only possesses the extraordinary virtue of nourishing fruits of opposite climes, but also maintains a continual supply of them. Thus it produces those most royal of all, the grape and the fig, during ten months, without intermission, while the other varieties ripen all the year round."

VIII.—Across the Borders to Damascus.

As our arrival in Damascus by Friday, January 20th, was necessary to the completion of our programme, we left Ain-et-Tin next morning. During the rugged ascent of 1,482 feet to Khan Yusef our horses were constantly slipping over the rounded stones and basalt, rendered more difficult by the blinding rain. Throughout the dreary waste not a village was to be seen except the few hovels of Magdala and the city of Tiberias in the distance. Benumbed with cold we welcomed the shelter of Khan Yusef, the traditional site of Joseph's pit, which is shown in one corner, and the halting place of caravans from Syria to Egypt. Discovering a dark, mud-walled chamber, somewhat less exposed to the howling wind, lunch was spread on a rug and eaten in a standing position on account of insect abominations. A caravan of Arabs from Damascus was also there, one of whom lighted a fire of sticks into which he thrust his bare feet.

The weather having cleared slightly, we hastened to quit the cheerless place. The track led over the highlands of Napthali to the ancient Hazor. From the heights the Sea of Galilee was disclosed in its entire extent, and shortly after the Huleh Lake appeared, on the north-west of which we camped at Ain Mellahah. The spring runs into a large pool teeming with fish, and turns a mill, the only habitation near. Fording the stream, and being invited to enter, I found the Arabs grinding a mixture of various kinds of corn, and making large circular thin cakes of the meal, of which they pressed me to partake. The pictures and books I gave them in return greatly pleased them. From the hill behind, the Huleh papyrus marsh, sixteen miles long, was visible. It is intersected by streams draining into the Huleh Lake, a triangular sheet of water four miles long, from the southern apex of which the Jordan issues

on its headlong descent of 682 feet to the Sea of Galilee. In this plain it was that Jabin, King of Hazor, and the five confederate kings, in vain attempted to stem the tide of Hebrew invasion; and here Joshua is said to be entombed.

Next day we skirted round the plain, close under the hills to avoid the treacherous morass. The flocks of Bedouins were feeding on the rich pastures, and we passed through large encampments of black tents in which their women were weaving. Fat buffaloes, the "Bulls of Bashan," wallowed up to their bodies in slush, and the pools swarmed with animal life. The plain forms the chief hunting ground of Palestine, and is said to be the resort of leopards, bears, and other wild animals, better heard of than met. We were in more fear of the wild inhabitants, of whom Mr. MacGregor—the canoe explorer of this region—gives such an evil report, and were thankful to pass unmolested. At the northern extremity we turned to the east, crossing the ground where all the sources of the Jordan empty themselves into the morass through which they reach the lake. After wading through two deep streams, we descended into the wild gorge of the Hasbany—the north tributary and chief source of the Jordan—crossing by a three-arched bridge named El Ghujar, and toiling up the fearful ascent for a mile on the other side. Three miles further is another source of the Jordan, Tel-el-Kadi, the Arabic for Dan or "the judge." The hill—apparently an extinct crater—rises abruptly from the plain; and from this again another hill, rectangular in shape, walled round, and covered with ruins. On this hill, by the source of their sacred river, the roving Danites, who emigrated from the south, set up their capital and called it Dan, after "the name of Dan their father, howbeit the name of the city was Laish at the first." Their spies described it as "a large land, very good, a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth." Here they set up the image of Micah, "the priest maker," and here in after years Jeroboam erected the golden calf. Dan is the northern

boundary of Palestine proper as Beersheba is in the south, hence the proverbial expression, "from Dan even unto Beersheba" in use from that day to this. The height commands a view of the plain and lake of Huleh, and the fissure in the mountains at its extremity through which the Jordan cuts its way.

Lunch was spread under two noble oak trees, overshadowing the spring beneath the upper mound, a favourite halting place. That it was also a sacred place of Mahommedans was evident from the votive offerings hung from the branches in honour of some saint. After exploring the surroundings as well as we could through the dense mass of vegetation, oleanders, and sycamores, we passed round to the corner below the hill, where a magnificent spring bursts forth into a wide crystal pool —one of the largest single sources in the world—from which the Jordan issues in considerable volume. An hour's pleasant ride over "park-like verdure, which casts a strangely beautiful interest over the last scenes of Palestine," brings us to Banias, or Cæsarea Phillipi, the eastern source of the Jordan. Once hallowed by the footsteps of Our Lord, it was the scene of that searching question, "But whom say ye that I am?" and the immortal answer—the fundamental confession of the Christian faith—"Though art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And somewhere near, on yonder Hermon's height, "the holy mount," that eternal divinity was proclaimed from Heaven, and the transfiguration set forth in sublime picture "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ"—His "glorious appearing" when He "shall descend from Heaven." High above all other hills of Palestine,—

"What hill is like to Hermon's hill in beauty and in fame?
There in the sad days of His flesh o'er Christ a glory came;
And light o'erflowed Him like a sea; and raised His shining brow;
And the voice went forth that bade all worlds to God's Beloved bow."

The Castle of Subeibeh, crowning a height of 2,300 feet, near Banias, is the grandest fortress ruin in the

east, surpassing even Heidelberg. We commenced the ascent, little thinking of the awful climb before us. The barely-clad guide, taking us to be as agile as himself, led us straight up the rocky acclivity through thickets of thorn bushes. Again and again we halted from sheer exhaustion, and forced to proceed because unable to descend. The "undaunted lady" of the Pyramids accompanied Mr. Sellwood and myself, and her indomitable spirit spurred us onward. There being no help for it, by dint of hauling and scrambling, with clothes torn and out of breath, we arrived at the top. Towers and bastions covered the hill for a thousand feet, while walls and courtyards filled the space between. The furious blast and approaching darkness allowed but scant time to take in the superb prospect, and we had to descend, but never again by such a path. Mustering what little Arabic I knew, I made known to the guide our displeasure and determination to try another route. Two Arabs making a sudden appearance, I induced them for backsheesh to direct us to the ordinary path, and we descended at a swinging pace to the camp after an adventure I do not wish to repeat.

Bad news awaited us. The route over Hermon was blocked by six feet of snow, making it impossible to proceed that way to Damascus in two days as intended. A caravan which had been compelled to turn back by the snow, brought the information. Reluctantly we turned our faces westward, and took a circuitous route round Hermon, by which we might possibly reach Damascus in three days. We soon overtook the caravan mentioned, and through a biting wind rode to Khureibeh, where we halted for lunch, hungry and cold. Lunch, however, was not forthcoming, and blank disappointment was expressed in our faces as we understood the dragoman to say in his imperfect English that it had been left behind. After long expostulation and waiting he exclaimed in French "*Je l'ai*"—I have it. We found that a ludicrous mistake had been made, and lunch was drawn forth from his capacious saddle bags.

From Khureibeh, with the cook as guide, I made a

detour into the heart of the Hermon range and across the mountains into Hasbeya, while my friends, shivering with cold, continued along the valley thinking to arrive there long before me. It was a wild ride through rain and hail, over hills and valleys, but I was well repaid by the grand mountain views. We crossed the Wady Sheba, a great gorge piercing into the side of Hermon, and passed the sacred temples of the Druses. From the summit of the ridge the whole amphitheatre of hills forming the valley of Hesbeya were visible, terraced with orchards and vineyards to their tops. The mournful interest of the place was recalled as my guide pointed out the ruined buildings in which the infamous massacres of 1860 took place, when thousands of Christians were sacrificed to the fanatical hatred of Druse and Moslem. In the castle itself, no less than 1,000 Christians who had fled there for refuge under the protection of the governor were slaughtered in cold blood. For this, the Turkish colonel in command was afterwards tried and executed on the representations of Lord Dufferin, the special commissioner sent out by England.

Passing one of the houses I was accosted by a pleasant looking woman, whom I understood to speak of some school she wished me to see, but I passed on and thought no more of it at the time. Singularly, to my surprise, I met Mr. Sellwood in the town, he having ridden on with Rafoul, our dragoman, to secure if possible a better lodgment than the tents that stormy night. Not succeeding in this, we rode down the valley to the camp, near the beautiful source of the Hasbany. Great was the discomfort to my companions amidst the falling snow that night, which proved to be the last in tents. They had retired to rest, and I was about to do so when two messengers appeared, and I was asked whether I knew a Mr. Mott then staying at Hasbeya. On replying in the affirmative, I received a letter, which I found to be an invitation to visit him. Putting on my warmest clothes, I bade my friends farewell and mounted the fine donkey which he had sent,

without which I could not have waded through the mud. One man went before with a lantern while the other guided the donkey. In about an hour I reached the British Syrian School in sad plight, and received a warm welcome from friends that compensated for all. I found that Mr. Mott had heard of our arrival from the woman who accosted me, and that he had felt constrained to send down in spite of the inclement night. He had come over from Beyrout to bring the lady who is superintendent of the home. Aided by native teachers, she has charge of no less than 176 children. After the awful massacres large numbers of orphans were left desolate, for whom Christian hearts have raised this and many other homes throughout Syria.

Early next morning Mr. Mott returned with me to the camp, and we consulted as to the possibility of proceeding. Having been blocked by the snow himself in coming a few days previously, he advised us not to proceed to Damascus. After anxious deliberation, however, we determined to try, and bidding him farewell till we should meet in Beyrout, started for Rasheya. Though only twelve miles in a direct line it took six hours to accomplish the difficult journey. As we mounted the uplands the cold increased, and the track, amid the deepening snow, seemed interminable. Several large villages were passed and occasionally armed men prowling over the snow with dangerous intent. Rasheya is a village of 3,000 inhabitants, rising in terraces on the steep slope of a hill. The most prominent feature is the castle in which also 800 Christians were slaughtered with nameless horrors. The road, bad for us, proved almost impassable for our heavily-laden mules, and we were greatly relieved when we heard the tingling of their bells. Meanwhile Rafoul had secured a large room in a native house for a lodging that night, tents at such an altitude and in such snow being out of the question. The cold was intense, and I endeavoured to block up the square holes which served as windows through which the wind was blowing fiercely.

Difficult as the track had been, far worse was before us

in the 35 miles yet remaining to Damascus. Very reluctantly we had to give up all idea of taking our mules and camp further, and permit them to return direct to Beyrout with all our baggage, except the few things necessary for personal use. A merchant returning to Damascus asked permission to travel with us for protection, and early on Saturday we picked our way down the slopes of Rasheya. I started to walk but the great depth of snow compelled me to mount, and the poor horses plodded along with slow uncertain steps. All trace of the track was gone save the faint footprints of a mule which had passed before it became so obliterated, and we hardly knew whether to proceed or not. Had it not been for these footprints we could not have ventured. Sometimes we went astray and had to retrace our steps, and occasionally the horses would sink in the snow. Still we pushed on, our friend the merchant cheering us with songs to tunes familiar to our ears. Questioning him, we found he had learned many of our well known hymns in the British Syrian Schools, in which he had been trained, and soon we were enabled to join in the same hymns in English which he sang in Arabic. Towering above all around was the majestic Hermon, the Mont Blanc of Palestine, and denoted in Scripture by the almost uniform name of the highest mountains in all countries, "White Mountain," or Lebanon, and again, as Shenir, "the glittering breastplate." This was "the goodly mountain, even Lebanon," which Moses prayed that he might be permitted to see, and which we had seen at a distance of 120 miles from the Dead Sea, and from various points of our journey. The snowy recesses melted by the heat of summer are the sources of perennial streams which fertilise the country when most needed.

For some hours we made but slow progress over vast fields of snow, and at last we descended into the plain, thankful to reach *terra firma*. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the Damascus road, so strange did the sight of a road appear after traversing 400 miles of sheep tracks. It was not easy to realise the fact that we

had come within the pale of civilisation. The splendid, well-kept road of seventy miles from Beyrout to Damascus, is a substantial memorial of the French expedition to stop the massacres of 1860. A diligence runs in fourteen hours every day and night each way. Exhausted with six hours' toil, we reposed and lunched at Khan Meithelun, and then started for Damascus, 18 miles distant. Huge rollers drawn by about 16 oxen, and numerous water carts betokened the care with which the road is kept. Evil-looking Bedouins behind necessitated our keeping close together, and Rafoul's increasing anxiety, as night fell and we neared Damascus, kept us in continual suspense. Three of us out of the four were unwell, knocked up by this hardest day of all, and the last on horses which had carried us so far. We envied the lumbering diligence as it rushed past us into Damascus, as strange a sight almost as the road had been. At length we descend the gorge, cut by the Abana through the Anti-Lebanon, and pass from the solitude of the wilderness to the crowded streets, and enter the City of Palaces. Weary, cold, and tired-out, we arrived at the strange Hotel Dimetri, the goal we had pictured so often that day amidst many apprehensions for our safety.

No. IX.—Through Syria to Baalbec.

DAMASCUS, the oldest of cities, is also one of the most remarkable and interesting; and round it has circled much of ancient history and sacred lore. Thirty-eight centuries have passed since Abraham pursued the four kings hither in rescue of his brother. Garrisoned by David and re-conquered by the Syrians, it became "the head of Syria," "and has existed and

prospered alike under Persian despotism, Grecian anarchy, and Roman patronage. It exists and prospers still in spite of Turkish oppression and misrule. No less than twelve times it has been pillaged and burned, yet it has always risen with new beauty from its ashes." For three centuries it was the bitter rival of Israel under the Benhadad kings, until the last of that dynasty was murdered by that Hazael whom he had sent to Elisha. The cruel messenger became, as the prophet foretold, a deadlier enemy; and at last that enmity became the cause of its destruction when the Jews bought the alliance of Assyria. Then "the kingdom was taken away from Damascus," and it lost for ever its independence. By its own poets Damascus is called "The Pearl of the East," and "The Eye of the Desert." Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scene as it appears from a hill behind the city. Mahommed, on first beholding it from here, is said to have turned away and refused to enter, exclaiming "that as there was but one paradise, he was resolved not to have his in this world." The city, with its tapering minarets, mosques, and battlements, is embosomed in a green sea of foliage. Hermon on one side and the range of Lebanon on the other, are robed in glistening white, in lovely contrast to the deepest green. Beyond stretches the vast Syrian desert, treeless and trackless, an ocean of death surrounding an oasis of life.

Whence this life and loveliness? All is owing to the Abana and Pharpar, the "rivers of Damascus." Close to us on our right, at its outlet from the Lebanon gorge, the Abana or Barada divides into seven branches, which are conducted from different levels by a system of irrigation throughout the city and the plain. All these streams with the Pharpar, flow into the Meadow Lakes, which we can just see in the far distance. To this abundant supply of water Damascus owes everything. Fountains and streams abound, carrying with them coolness, cleanliness, and life. Vines and olives, figs and pomegranates, plums and apricots, citrons, and almost every fruit, cypresses and palms flourish luxuriantly. The

whole scene is one of surpassing lovliness, perhaps unequalled on the face of the earth.

Without all is beauty, within the opposite. There is the usual labyrinth of filthy crooked lanes, where men and donkeys, camels and dogs, jostle against each other. These latter are an institution at Damascus, as the donkeys are at Cairo—the scenes of which are reproduced here. Over one hundred thousand miserable looking dogs drag out their existence, unowned and uncared for, too lazy almost to move and too cowed to bark. No one dare molest their sacred lives, and should one be killed by accident its life has to be redeemed by a fine.

But the great feature of Damascus are its bazaars, rows of small, queer looking shops, covered in at the top to keep out the sun. Each trade has its own street, and each race or religion its own bazaar. In one you see all Jews; in another all Mahommedans; and in a third all Christians. Damascus is the great emporium of Syria, and every ware is to be found in its bazaars. Clothes and carpets, silks and cloths, shoes and saddles, swords of Damascus steel and weapons inlaid with Damascene work, jewellery and antiques are heaped in rich profusion; while fruits and foods occupy separate bazaars. Water carriers, vendors of lemonade and other drinks, and bread sellers, make the bazaars ring with quaint descriptions of their wares, and I was astonished at the quantity and variety of confectionery. The busy thoroughfares are crowded with oriental groups of every nation, motley visaged and many coloured, in the picturesque dresses and head gear peculiar to each, and chattering in a Babel of tongues. Ghostlike women flit about, wrapped in winding sheets of white from head to foot. Ezekiel's description is true to-day, "Damascus was thy merchant in the multitude of the wares of thy making, for the multitude of all riches." Amidst this miscellaneous and ever-moving mass of humanity most of our time was spent. Entering some of its renowned houses we found them to be marble halls indeed. Like our hotel, they consisted of rooms opening into a marble paved court-yard containing

lemon and orange trees, with a fountain in the centre. Floors, walls, decorations, and fountains, all were of marble; more refreshing by their coolness in the summer than for comfort in winter.

"The street which is called Straight," still bearing that name, is the main artery of the city, running through it from east to west, a mile in length. Our first walk was along this street to church on Sunday morning. Throughout the first portion the Mahommedan shops were all open; the further part divides the Christian quarter from the Jewish. The street has been repeatedly set on fire by order, regardless of the consequences to its shopkeepers, and with but scant warning, that it may be rebuilt in greater width and directness. This had been the case previous to our visit, a large portion was new, and part was being built. St. Paul's Episcopal Church is situated in the compound of the British Syrian Schools, and the Rev. W. C. Reichardt, of the Jews' Society, preaches here. In the afternoon he took us along Straight-street, and through St. Paul's Gate to the outside of the city. The three-arched gateway, of which only the side arch is now used, shows that formerly the street must have been over fifty feet wide, and lined with colonnades. How vividly that noble Roman portal recalled to our minds the conversion of that great Apostle—the fearless pioneer of Christianity. To Damascus he came "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," and somewhere near he met that Lord amidst a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun, and first heard that soul-transforming word which changed the bold blasphemer into the devoted Apostle. Led by the hand, unable to "see for the glory of that light," through this gate he was conducted to the house of Judas near. From here, "filled with the Holy Ghost," and "laying his learning, his influence, his prospects, his all, at the foot of the cross, he went forth lonely by land, and lonely by sea, without friends, without money, without family, but with the irresistible power of a sublime faith and a holy life, a conqueror of Jews and Gentiles, of Greeks and

barbarians, turning them from the service of sin to the service of the living God. Was there ever a moral hero more pure, more unselfish, more devoted, more useful, from his conversion in Damascus to his martyrdom in Rome?" Not far from the gate the window in the wall through which St. Paul was let down is shown. In the opposite direction the house of Naaman was pointed out, now a hospital for lepers, which touchingly perpetuates his memory.

Chief among the 248 mosques of Damascus, and one of the four principal sanctuaries of Islam, is the Great Mosque, the longest ecclesiastical building in existence. The reputed site of "the House of Rimmon," it became in turn a temple of Jupiter, a Christian basilica, and, after the Moslem conquest, a Mahommedan mosque. One of its minarets is called the Minaret of Isa-Jesus, and, strangely enough, over an ancient arch the prophetic inscription in Greek is allowed to remain, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

The saddest story remains to be told, the awful tragedy of 1860, when 2,500 Christians are known to have been butchered in cold blood, and the whole Christian quarter burnt down. A British subject, who was an eye-witness, "saw soldiers and citizens together plundering, burning and murdering. When resistance was offered in any house it was set on fire; and when the wretched inmates attempted to escape the soldiers drove them back into the flames with the points of their bayonets. To prevent the possibility of resistance, a united plan of attack was organised. A strong breeze was blowing from the west; they began at that side of the Christian quarter, and burned all before them. Night came, but the carnage did not cease. The flames of the burning houses lighted up the whole city, revealing in every street and lane scenes of brutal outrage and savage cruelty, such as the world has seldom witnessed. For three days and three nights this terrible work of pillage, burning, and slaughter continued. It ceased only when every article of value was carried off, every house

in ashes, and every male either dead or in a place of refuge." The massacres literally fulfilled the prophetic word: "I will bring the worst of the heathen, and they shall possess their houses. Destruction cometh; and they shall seek peace, and there shall be none."

Our horses and camp having returned to Beyrout on account of the snow, we were prevented from taking the usual route, direct to Baalbec. On Tuesday morning, at four, we left by the diligence for Shtora, forty-one miles on the Beyrout road. I was cooped up inside the conveyance with four oriental companions in strange garb, and a veiled woman, until I changed to the *banquette*. The weather was keen, and the country covered with snow. At eleven we reached Shtora, whence we had arranged for a vehicle to Baalbec, twenty miles distant. Lunch over, we started in the tumble-down wagonette drawn by three horses. The road had only been recently constructed for military purposes, and a carriage was so great a novelty that horses and driver alike were unfitted and unused to it. The horses were more than the poor man could manage, and things were brought to a climax at Temnin by one of them getting his leg over the pole. The driver was helpless, and the endeavours of the Arabs who came up futile. I got the ladies out, while Mr. Sellwood extricated the horse. The carriage had slipped down a bank, from which they knew not how to get it right until I grasped the lock and turned it on to the pathway. Before long the spring broke completely through, and we began to wonder whether we should see Baalbec at all. It was tied up only to collapse again, but by a variety of manœuvres we managed to proceed. The adventures of the way were compensated by the unique grandeur of the scenery. Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon stretched, north and south, beyond the horizon, in parallel ranges covered with snow, and resplendent in the sunshine. The sunset upon the mountains, and the purple glow over Baalbec was very fine; and then suddenly it became cold. It seemed as if we never should arrive, till at length distant columns told us we were nearing Baalbec; and after six hours of

such wretched travelling we welcomed its so-called "hotel." Crossing a courtyard we mounted the outside steps to our rooms, clean and comfortable, and warmed with pans of charcoal fire.

Next day was spent in exploring the wonderful temples and ruins. Their size is enormous, and the masonry cyclopean—some of the stones measuring over sixty feet in length. The Great Temple of Baal, or the Sun, is the most extensive, the court alone extending 440 feet. Only six of its columns, connected by a huge entablature, are standing. Rising sixty feet into the air, these are the columns which have become familiar in pictures. I particularly noticed the Greek pattern of the cornice—like the wards of a key—which has become so prevalent in recent years. The lofty columns remain erect and silent witnesses of ancient grandeur, and Jehovah's abomination of the infamous Baal idolatry.

> "Remnants of things that have passed away,
> Fragments of stone raised by creatures of clay."

The gem of all is the Temple of Jupiter, the model after which the smaller Parthenon at Athens is built. Turks and Arabs have made sad havoc of the ruins; and one miserable pacha blew up a portion with a mine of powder to obtain a little lead. The temples are of "gigantic yet most graceful proportions, a noble testimony to ancient genius. Column and capital, frieze and cornice, architrave and altar, all lie in dire confusion, yet as fresh almost as if the artist's chisel had but just wrought out the conceptions of a delicate fancy, to perpetuate them in marble." Christianity has invaded the old stronghold of Baal, and now there is there a British Syrian School, with which we were much interested. Baalbec is also the seat of a Roman Catholic bishopric.

We left at five on Thursday morning to catch the diligence for Beyrout at Shtora. Our carriage had been wretchedly mended, and the spring shut together only to collapse as soon as it was used. As the sun rose peak after peak was lighted as with a taper in lively rose colour, and marvellous shadows were thrown from range to range. We managed to reach Shtora in time, but alas, there was

not room for all, and I saw my friends vanish on the way to Beyrout to catch their steamer sailing next day. I, perforce, was left behind, far from well, and somewhat disconsolate I must confess. Although one scarcely dared to walk alone, putting a revolver in a conspicuous position I ventured forth. In the afternoon, to my great joy, I met an American missionary on horseback, of whom I had heard, returning from Beyrout to Zachleh, his station. From him I obtained much valuable information about the country, and the good work the American missions are doing throughout Syria. He pointed out village after village, dotting the Cœle-Syrian plain which we had traversed, in which preaching stations and schools were established under his superintendence. We parted with regret, he going to his isolated, heroic work, and I to my solitary Shtora lodging till the diligence came. Shortly after midnight, startled by the diligence horn from a sound sleep, I rushed out of bed and hastily dressed, just in time to secure the only vacant seat beside the driver. It was a piercing cold, starlight night, and as we mounted over the Lebanon, the snow was heaped on either side of the road higher than the horses. That memorable wintry ride over the mountains was a wild *finale* to my adventures through Palestine. The strings of camels which met us gave considerable difficulty owing to their unwillingness to face the horses. At length the ridge was surmounted, and as daylight broke visions of loveliness appeared at our feet bounded by the blue Mediterranean. Five thousand feet below the promontory of Beyrout jutted into the sea, forming with the projecting mountain on the north the splendid bay of St. George. The broken mountain scenery was diversified by woods and streams, together with cultivated fields and countless hamlets, while the lofty Sunnim formed a background of white. Like the landslip at Lyme Regis, it appeared as if the spurs of Lebanon had slipped in tumultuous masses into the sea in that endless variety which makes up the picturesque and sublime in landscape scenery. As we rapidly descended the zigzags glen after glen disclosed fresh points of

beauty and richer vegetation. In one short hour we passed from freezing snows to warmth and sunshine, from the depth of winter to the height of summer, and from Arctic barrenness to tropical fertility. The welcome change went far to remove the disagreeable impressions and discomforts of the last few days, and the whole was a charming close to five weeks' wanderings and vicissitudes in the sacred land. Often shall I recall with pleasure the prospects I saw that morning.

Beyrout is the modern Tyre of Palestine. Tyre, it was prophesied, should "never be found again," and Beyrout has taken its place. Its description as "The merchant city, the crowning city whose merchants were princes," now applies with greater force to Beyrout, which has become the chief port of the Levant. It has rapidly risen to importance, especially since Syria has been under the protection of the European powers and has had Christian governors. The majority of its population of 80,000 are Christians, and form a thriving, industrial, and mercantile community not elsewhere to be found in the country. The whole aspect of the place has changed during the last twenty years. Then there were neither roads nor carriages, now roads have been constructed, and there are well paved streets lined with substantial buildings, warehouses, and shops, and it has become the most civilised city in Syria and Palestine.

My friends were relieved when I joined them at breakfast once more and for the last time. In the afternoon I accompanied two of them on board the Messageries steamer and saw them off, on what proved to be a stormy voyage, for Alexandria and home.

X.—Beyrout and its Missions.

TWO of us remained at Beyrout for a short time longer, enjoying the rich hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Mentor Mott, friends who have consecrated their wealth and service to the work of the Lord in the British Syrian Schools. Their house, situated on an elevated position overlooking the city, sea and mountain, is said to be one of the finest in the country, and is a unique combination of eastern architecture with western ideas and comfort. All fatigue was forgotten in this charming retreat, and the Christian fellowship and care which made us feel already at home.

The mission was commenced in 1860, by Mrs. Bowen Thompson, a widowed sister of Mrs. Mott. Touched by sympathy for the sorrow-stricken women bereaved during the frightful massacres in the Lebanon, this devoted lady went out alone to carry to them the Gospel of love and consolation. "The watchword of the Moslems had been that every male between seven and seventy was to be slain; hence thousands of widows and orphans were left in the utmost misery and destitution. Schools were established, and year by year added to their number and importance." Mrs. Bowen Thompson died in 1864, and about that time the residence of Mrs. Mott, near London, was totally consumed by fire. Instead of rebuilding she was impelled to take up the work in Syria, laid down by her sister, and she was afterwards joined by two other sisters, Mrs. Henry Smith and Miss. Lloyd. Since then the work has grown so rapidly that there are at present no less than 30 schools containing about 3,000 children, with a staff of 17 Europeans and 97 native teachers. Of these schools thirteen are in Beyrout, six in Damascus, and eleven spread over the Lebanon. Those in Hesbeya, Damascus, and Baalbec have been already adverted to. There were great difficulties at first owing to the unwillingness of the

different races of Moslems and Greeks, Druses and Maronites, Jews and Christians, to mix with one another. Now they are to be found side by side, and if there had been no other this in itself would have been a great good accomplished.

First in importance is the training institution under the charge of Miss Collett, Miss Watson, and Madame Hiss. Here the teachers for the various schools are trained. It is a large square building with open balconies all round, and contains 74 boarders, 48 day pupils, and 14 native teachers. The institution adjoins Mr. Mott's house, and as my room overlooked it I had constant opportunities of observing its inmates, and their winning ways. Every morning the bell which called them up allowed me to slumber no longer, and soon they trooped forth arm-in-arm round the play-ground. All day long beautiful order and regularity prevailed. I felt it a privilege to be able to address and converse with them of the loving Saviour. I can also speak highly of the large schools for Moslems, Jews, boys and girls. In the blind schools I saw men and women learning to read the Arabic raised characters of Moon's system. They eagerly listened to what was said, and gave ready and intelligent answers to my questions.

In addition to the schools, mission work of various kinds is also carried on. Owing to the prejudices and seclusion of Moslem women they were only to be reached by native Christian Bible-women, and Mrs. Henry Smith has taken up this work with good results. At length Bible-classes of from two to three hundred women were formed, in a remarkable way. When the war broke out between Turkey and Russia, in 1878, the men were drafted away as soldiers, and large numbers of women were left utterly destitute. Mrs. Mott, resolved to do all she could to alleviate their sufferings, gathered them together, and gave them relief. On Mrs. Mott suggesting they should pray for their husbands in such danger, there was a general laugh, and they exclaimed, "Pray! We pray! The men do that, women never pray; they are like cats

and dogs." The relief was continued for twelve months, till the war being over the necessity ceased. The women, however, begged most earnestly to be still allowed to come. "Never mind the flour," they said, "but let us come to hear those beautiful words, we cannot do without them." To the astonishment of all, two hundred assembled on the first Sunday, and the numbers have steadily increased since. One of these women aptly remarked, "Ah, what a difference now in our home; we were living as donkeys, knowing nothing of our souls, nor of the world to come. We were spending our time either in evil speaking or in smoking and playing cards; but now we often sit and listen to our children and grandchildren, who read to us the sweet story of Jesus, and tell us of what He did, and of what He will do for the poor sinner, and sing to us beautiful hymns, which greatly cheer and comfort our hearts. They are indeed our little angels, who have turned the gloom of our homes into brightness." Besides the British Syrian Schools, the Church of Scotland Schools for Jews, the Schools of Miss Taylor, and of the Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, deserve mention. Large educational efforts are also made by the Roman, Greek, and other Eastern Churches, who have fifty-eight schools, containing 8,385 children.

Beyrout is the base of operations of the "Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York," who have confined their work to Syria exclusive of Palestine. They have 35 Americans in the field, assisted by 165 native helpers. With this mission the venerable Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," was connected until his late return to America. They have 74 preaching stations, 27 church edifices, and 128 schools, containing 5,544 children. These American brethren form a noble band of vigorous, highly cultivated, Christian workers. I had the pleasure of meeting several, and was impressed with a sense of their high character and worth. I visited also the Syrian Protestant College, which, though independent of the mission, grew out of it. It occupies a fine position on the pro-

montory of Ras Beyrout overlooking the Mediterranean. In connection with the hospital they are training a large number of medical students, in addition to those preparing for preachers and teachers. Connected with the college there is an observatory sending daily observations by telegraph to Constantinople, a library, and a museum. The number of students is 152, taught by 10 professors. To supply all these agencies with literature the Americans have an extensive press establishment, comprising three steam and five hand printing presses, a lithographic press and a type foundry, with forty-five employés. In 1881, 57,500 volumes were printed; and 15,715 Scriptures were sold, in addition to 177,472 other books and publications. The *magnum opus* of all has been the translation of the Bible into classical Arabic by Dr. Vandyke.

On Sunday Dr. Jessup invited me to address the American Mission School of which he is the superintendent. What was my astonishment to find one of the best Sunday Schools, and the finest school buildings I have ever seen. Separate class-rooms were divided off by glass partitions, so that all could be seen without being heard, and the whole was planned with every adaptation to its purpose. Teachers and scholars were all Syrian, and both alike were as beautiful in feature as in deportment, the beauty of their countenances being most striking. The lesson that afternoon was about Absolom; after which Dr. Jessup catechised them altogether, and then called upon me. Their attention was rapt, as I spoke sentence by sentence they eagerly waited to catch its meaning from Dr. Jessup who translated it into Arabic. It was the most interesting, eager, and lovely audience I have ever had. The following evening I had an opportunity of addressing many of them again. That memorable Sunday in Beyrout, the last in the Holy Land, will long retain its fragrance in my memory.

Amongst other excursions we made a deeply interesting one on horses to the Nahr-el-Kelb or Dog River. The road led over an old Roman bridge, and round the Bay of St. George, the traditional site of the dragon's

death. Superb views of tumultuous hills, broken by ravines, and crowned with numerous villages, were visible from different points of view as we proceeded. In crossing the river Antelyas the water was up to the girths, and along the water's edge the feet of the horses sunk in the sand, allowing but slow progress. At the mouth of the Dog River a rocky headland projects into the sea, round the edge of which the old Roman road is cut.

Dismounting, we climbed a few yards higher and found traces of a road far more ancient, traversed by armies 3,000 years ago. Hewn in the face of the rock there are nine time-worn bas-reliefs, which, since they were brought to notice in 1697, "have formed the most attractive monuments of antiquity in Northern Palestine. They speak distinctly of three great heathen empires, which in turn have overawed the world; and then—for God had uttered the word—in turn perished." These old world inscriptions have been ascertained by Lepsius and Layard to be records of the successive oppressors of Israel. The Assyrian has passed by, and Sennacherib has left the verification of his proud boast, "By the multitude of my chariots I am come up to the height of the mountains, to the sides of Lebanon: and I will cut down the tall cedars thereof, and the choice fir-trees thereof, and I will enter into the height of his border." And of him the word has been fulfilled, "I have driven him out for his wickedness, I made the nations to shake at the sound of his fall, when I cast him down into the grave with them that descend into the pit." Long ages further back still, the Egyptians had passed by, and Sesostris—Ramesis II.—had engraved memorials and figures of his gods, Ra and Ammon, "with an iron pen in the rock for ever;" and the Lord had said of him, "Behold, I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt; the great crocodile that lieth in the midst of the rivers, which hath said: My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. The land shall be utterly waste and desolate; it shall be a base kingdom. It shall be the basest of the kingdoms, neither shall it exalt itself any more above

the nations." Is not the prophecy being fulfilled before our eyes at this very day, and can we not trace its effects in the present rebellion and civil commotion in Egypt, the Land of the Nile. Here, too, the Roman, "strong as iron," passed by and hewed out of the solid rock a fresh road. Strangely modern reads the clear Latin inscription in which Antonine recorded his deed. And yet another inscription remains, that of the troops of Napoleon III., who passed here in 1860. On the ninth tablet, bearing the figure of an Assyrian king, they have ruthlessly effaced a portion of the cuneiform characters, and engraved the records of that expedition in their place. Descending over the upturned stones with which the pass was once paved, we crossed the river by an old bridge, and found another series of tablets recently discovered by Mr. Loytved, the Danish Vice-Consul of Denmark at Beyrout. Mr. Loytved had kindly arranged the expedition for us, and, being unable to accompany us himself, had provided us with his own drawings and plans, so that we might find and examine with greater care these records of past ages.

By this time we were thoroughly hungry, and being unprovided were obliged to resort to an Arab Khan at the mouth of the river. Using what little Arabic I could, we obtained some coarse, thin, pancake bread and eggs, all they had that we could eat, and with these we partially satisfied our hunger. Behind the Khan I climbed a hill from which there was a view of the coast stretching northward. The Dog River formed the boundary of the Promised Land, and it was through its wild, rocky gorge that the armies of invasion had poured. An aqueduct is carried along the face of the cliff on arches, from which hang graceful festoons of ferns. After following the river for some distance we zigzagged up the precipitous rocky side and returned over the hill. Here England, too, had stamped her name in a tunnel a mile long, perforated through the rock to convey water from the river to some water-works on the shore. Beyrout suffering from want of water, an English company constructed these works which give a never failing supply.

Being invited to enter we found the engineers were English. The sight of the huge, powerful, pumping machinery—the first in the country—gave us a strange sensation amidst such Eastern surroundings. Our hearts were warmed with English pride, causing us to long for the time when all the sacred land shall be thus opened up. Under western influence and enlightened governors, Beyrout has already become a paradise of beauty and a type of the promised future condition of the land. Magnificent gardens, feathery palm tress, and pine forests envelope the city in a mantle of loveliness; while terraced hills, trailing vines, and scented orange groves bear witness to its exuberant fertility. Such was once the Land of Promise—"A good land, a land of brooks of waters, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig-trees and pomegranates: a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt not lack anything; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou shalt dig brass." Within its borders all climates are to be found, from the Alpine snows of Hermon, through every gradation to the tropical heat of the Jordan valley. "Within its four corners nature has collected the luxuries of every clime, and all possible combinations of panoramic beauty. True, indeed, desolation has wrought strange havoc in the greater part of Palestine. This was distinctly foretold. But yet, even in its ruin, enough remains of its pristine glory to display both what it was, and what it is to be again." Whittier's lines beautifully express one's thoughts—

"Thou land of Judea; thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty my heart is with thee.

"With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

"I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN OF GOD,
Where His blessing was heard, and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind was restored and the healing was wrought.

"Oh, here with His flock the sad wanderer came;
These hills He toiled over in grief are the same:
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow!

* * *

"But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It would gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

"Beloved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

"Oh, the outward hath gone! but in glory and power,
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!"

XI.—Missions in Palestine.

PALESTINE will ever hold the first place among all the lands of earth in Christian hearts. Once the most highly favoured of lands, it is now, though so degraded and down-trodden, the land to which the eyes of all God's people turn with eager longings. For long ages the centre of the world's history and God's dealings with men, it is still "the land far above all others in unabated interest and undying renown. Wept for as no other; longed for as no other; full of associations as no other;" the land is torn by rival sects of fanatical idolaters, and cursed and crushed by bad government. English Christians, in common with others, have felt the obligation to carry the light to its benighted inhabitants, where "The Light of the World" once lived and taught. The population, including Syria, is from

1,200,000 to 1,500,000, of whom by far the larger portion are Mahommedans. Next in number are the Maronites, who acknowledge the Pope; and after them the fanatical Druses. The Latin and Greek Churches have large numbers of adherents, while a small minority is composed of Armenians and Protestants. There are only about 25,000 Jews, natives of other countries and foreigners in their own land. The bitter animosity which exists between these rival factions has been fruitful in civil commotion and awful massacres from time to time.

Under a long-standing agreement American Christians have confined themselves to Syria, leaving to the English Church the work of evangelising Palestine proper, which contains about 650,000 inhabitants. Amongst these the Church Missionary Society has 10 European and 4 native missionaries, aided by 47 native teachers. Before leaving Palestine I propose to describe these missions in the order in which I visited them. Jaffa, where we landed, is the one port of the Holy Land, and here are some of the principal missions. The Rev. J. Hall has a large boys' school, in which he conducts Arabic and English services; and ground has been secured on which to build a church and mission premises. Mr. Hall has also about 200 boys and girls under instructions in Lydda, and another school in Ramleh, which, in spite of the opposition of the Latins, are well attended. The admirable schools of Miss Walker-Arnott provide for the work amongst the girls. Assisted by two English ladies, she has 253 boarders and day scholars. The schools, situated in a compound outside the town, are in striking contrast to the filthy hovels of the natives. Happiness was expressed in the faces of the children as they sang to us, and great was their eagerness to obtain the Arabic picture cards I distributed amongst them. A little further on at Miss Mangan's hospital, medical work was in full operation. The pitiful look of the poor creatures waiting their turn to see the doctor betokened their need of Christian sympathy and medical help. Great Christian fortitude and zeal is shown by these noble women who have consecrated themselves to such service amongst these

depraved Mahommedans. Their great grief in common with other missionaries in Palestine is that, while ministering to the physical needs of the people, they do not obtain more spiritual result. Gaza, 50 miles south of Jaffa, is the only mission in Philistia. It contains over 20,000 inhabitants, and the largest Mahommedan population in Palestine. Until recently we could not have ridden through its streets without cursing and insult, if not worse. Now, in company with the Rev. A. Schapira, an intrepid Jewish missionary, we walked through in peace, and it could be seen he was looked upon as a friend. Four years ago the Church Missionary Society brought Mr. Schapira from Sierra Leone to carry on the work commenced by Mr. Pritchett, a volunteer missionary and traveller. By dint of perseverance he has overcome untold obstacles, and succeeded in establishing four schools containing 200 children. Owing to the bitter hatred between Greeks and Moslems, he was compelled to open separate schools for each. The teachers, as almost all the teachers throughout the land, are Syrian Christians, educated in the British Syrian Schools, which I have described at Beyrout. We were delighted with these teachers and their pupils in various parts of the city. Fanatical as they are, the people are beginning to value education, and are glad to get their children taught. The pivot, however, on which all turns is the dispensary. Mr. Schapira, finding he could not obtain entrance amongst the people without a medical mission, out of his own limited salary supports a doctor. While wandering through the labyrinth of streets to find out Mr. Schapira, we met a well-dressed gentlemen, who, to our surprise, spoke English and offered to guide us to the mission house, and this gentleman turned out to be the doctor. He is the son of a fanatical Druse chief, who, having embraced Christianity, to escape the usual punishment of death, fled to Beyrout. In the American college there he graduated in medicine, and thence came to Gaza. During the afternoon he was called away to dress the wounds of some forty Arabs wounded in a terrible affray between two tribes. Near the dispensary is a

reading room where the better class and Turkish officers can see Bibles and books along with the newspapers of the country. Mrs. Schapira conducts the work among the women, teaching them to sew, while, at the same time, telling of a Saviour's love. It was Christmas week, and that Wednesday a number of the higher class of Mahommedan ladies came to inspect the Christmas tree of which they had heard marvellous reports. They remarked that they had seen many trees, but had never seen one like that—growing oranges, nuts, and sweets together. It so happened that while they were absorbed in this tree I looked in through the open door. Smothering their faces they laughingly ran out of sight, not being permitted to be seen uncovered. This tree was the source of great attraction, bringing together the chief men of Gaza and obtaining their good will. They all gathered to the festivities when the contents were divided between the children. On that occasion two little children repeated the fourth of John in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic. While making purchases in the bazaars we were attracted by a barber in the act of shaving, who was evidently delighted to see Mr. Schapira. "That man," Mr. Schapira said, "only last night came to my house, and during a conversation of some hours confessed his love to Christ. He told me he was not alone in this; a friend of his had also accepted Christ, and that they two had baptised one another." "Was this sufficient?" was the hard question put to Mr. Schapira. "You know," he continued, "we have families, and should you baptise us, to-morrow would find only our dead bodies." To escape this penalty there is no alternative but to remove the converts elsewhere. Mr. Schapira's own life was in danger a few days previously. We, in Christian England, can scarcely form a conception of the obstacles which bar the advance of Christianity amongst Mahommedans.

We cannot but admire the Christian heroism which can bravely "hold the fort" in such a stronghold of Satan. Slowly, but surely, opposition is decreasing, and the leaven of Christianity working.

In Hebron, fifty miles from Gaza, the Mahommedans are still more fanatical. The sight of Christians even looking at the exterior of the Mosque of Machpelah excited the howling dervishes, who rushed out and cursed us. Stones were thrown, and we had to make a hurried departure. No mission seems at present possible here. We were glad to reach another atmosphere in Bethlehem, seventeen miles north. Almost all are nominal Christians, but it is the spurious Christianity of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian churches. The Germans have a flourishing orphanage and four schools under the charge of Rev. S. Müller, a devoted man of God. The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East has a small boarding and day school, under the charge of Miss Jacombs and Miss Martin. The society is making a special effort to build a more suitable home than their small native rooms, on ground they have purchased. On one marvellous night in this city of David "there was no room," and such is the cry of these earnest ladies now.

Jerusalem will ever be the centre of deepest interest, historically and spiritually. Once the scene of the chivalry of Europe in the Crusades, shall it not still be the scene of the nobler Christian chivalry? Preach the Gospel "among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem," were the marching orders of our Lord, and this command the Church Missionary Societies have endeavoured to fulfil. The Anglican Christ Church on Mount Zion owes its origin to the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Their first agents were sent out in 1820, but building operations were not commenced until 1838. Owing to almost insuperable difficulties, the building being repeatedly stopped by the Sultan, it took no less than thirty years to complete it. In 1841, by the liberality of the Emperor of Prussia, the Bishopric of Jerusalem was established, which the venerable Bishop Gobat occupied from 1845 to his death in 1879. At his invitation the Church Missionary Society planted various missions in the country, and since then the society has made Palestine one of its principal fields of operations.

Bishop Gobat purchased sites and opened schools in Nazareth, Ramleh, Nablous, Bethlehem, and other places. The Rev. A. H. Kelk is the incumbent of Christ Church, and has charge of the English speaking population and Jews. Associated with him is the Rev. H. Friedlander, who prosecutes the work amongst the Jews, in Hebrew and Arabic. A Jew himself, he is peculiarly fitted for the arduous work, in which he is indefatigable. Daily he is visited by Jews who flock to him for advice and help. His method of working is not unlike that of Paul in the Acts; and it may be said of him, "they came to him into his lodging in great number, to whom he expounded the matter, testifying the Kingdom of God, and persuading them concerning Jesus, both from the law of Moses and from the prophets, from morning till evening."

It was the week of prayer, and we found a season of refreshing in attending the meetings on Mount Zion. All the missionaries united with their German brethren in these union meetings, the services and prayers being conducted in English, German, and Hebrew. Thus we were linked in with the whole round world, and enjoyed fellowship with the goodly number of those working for Israel. Most important is the medical work in charge of Dr. Chaplin, assisted by a medical staff. His report shows a large amount of heavy and self-denying work in the hospital: the total annual averages being 558 in-patients, 7,352 out-patients, and 9,058 visits. Dr. Chaplin has also a lepers' hospital, and there is a children's hospital under the care of Dr. Sandreckzki. In addition to these efforts there is a flourishing boys' school, an institution for Jewesses, conducted by Miss Adie, and a house of industry for poor Jewish converts where they are taught trades. The latter is a necessary adjunct of Jewish missions. Directly that a Jew accepts Christ he is cast off by his brethren and precluded from obtaining his ordinary livelihood, hence the necessity of enabling him to earn a living, and often, as in the case of Mahommedans, removing him to another country. The Church Missionary Society have also schools for boys and girls, and the

German deaconesses a delightful orphanage in the Protestant quarter. Their missionaries are the Rev. T. Walters (secretary), the Rev. J. Zeller, who carries on the diocesan schools and superintend the evangelistic agencies; the Rev. W. Pilter, who has charge of the training institution for students; and the Rev. M. Kawar, native pastor. In addition to the work in Jerusalem the society occupies a group of stations in the surrounding country. The number of their native Christians is 415, of whom 40 are communicants.

The impossibility of toleration on the part of Mahommedans is the main hindrance to Christianity. It is true that after the Crimean war, an edict was obtained from the Sultan abrogating the law of death to converts from Mahommedanism, and acknowledging to some extent the principle of toleration. "Every Mahommedan, however," one of the missionaries says, "will tell you that though this is an agreement entered into with Christians, it is incompatible with the principles of Mahommedanism, and is never intended to be observed. If a man becomes a Christian, though he cannot be arraigned before the court for this, he can be accused of some crime, however falsely, and be specially consigned to that most miserable death in life, existence in a Turkish prison. Or a cup of poisoned coffee might settle the matter even more easily, and no enquiries would be made concerning his fate. Is it wonderful that men dare not listen to the claims of Christianity when they know the terrible consequences?"

At Nablous, where the Rev. C. Fallscheer is labouring, a church and school have been erected, and there are 210 adherents, of whom 69 are communicants. Nazareth is the centre of the Church Missionary operations in the north, and here they have a beautiful church. The Rev. J. Huber speaks of the present as a sifting time, some having seceded through not obtaining the temporal benefits erroneously expected. The mission is greatly hindered by the efforts of the Latin and Greek Churches to deliberately buy over the Protestants. There are 420 native Christians connected with Nazareth and its out-

stations, and the Rev. Naser Odeh is the native pastor. Besides the Hauran the Society has another mission "beyond Jordan," at Salt—the ancient Ramoth Gilead. The society has in all 265 communicants, 1,467 adherents, and 31 schools, containing 1,762 scholars.

The Ladies' Education Society provides for the girls at Nazareth. The orphanage, a remarkably fine building on the brow of the hill, is ever the most prominent object in view. Miss Dickson, the matron, is an untiring worker, and the result is seen in the perfect order and cleanliness which prevails. The total number of pupils and inmates is 157.

I have left to the last the intensely interesting work of the Edinburgh Medical Mission, under the care of Dr. Vartan. The temporary hospital which he occupies is far too small. During his recent visit to England he secured £3,000 towards the erection of the proposed hospital on the hill behind Nazareth. The natives flock to him for relief from a circuit of fifty miles. It was Jesus of Nazareth who sent forth His disciples "to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick;" and the work of Christ the Healer is that which is pre-eminently needed amongst these sorrow-stricken people still. Palestine, "trodden down of the Gentiles, *until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled*," degraded and practically heathen, is a saddening sight. For a while, cast off because of her sins, yet for her the time of restoration is drawing near, and she is destined to become "a praise in the earth," and "the glory of all lands."

XII. Farewell to Palestine. Cyprus and Smyrna.

ON Tuesday afternoon, January 31st, I went on board the Austrian steamer *Ettorè* bound for Constantinople. Mr. Mott and Mr. Loytved, full of kindness to the last, accompanied me to the ship, and with a hearty

"God-speed" sent me forth on my voyage northward and home. The dream of years had come true, and my heart was filled with gratitude to Him who had prepared my way and crowned its close with loving kindness, as I gazed upon the magnificent scene I was leaving, resplendent in the sunset. As night fell Beyrout assumed a new aspect and became illuminated by thousands of lights, followed by the booming of guns across the water. It was the eve of Mahommed's birthday, and every Mahommedan house vied with its neighbour in pyrotechnic display in honour of the event. My interest was intensified when I learned that it was the 1,260th anniversary, a number of great prophetic import referred to in Old and New Testament alike under a variety of forms. Commencing with the rise of Popery and Mahommedanism, and coincident with their duration, we have the oath of God Himself (Dan. xii. 7) that at the termination of this period, "when He shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished." Absorbed with such thoughts I sat musing on the deck as the vessel ploughed its way from the fast receding shores. The lights became dim and the reports fainter till at last the vision was gone, and then I bade farewell to Emanuel's land.

I was delighted to find there was one passenger whom I knew, Lieutenant Conder, R.E., of the Palestine Exploration Society; to whose indefatigable efforts we owe the completion of the trigonometrical survey of Palestine, and the production of the splendid map embodying its results. Published just before we left England, we had used it through the country, and could bear testimony to its accuracy, having often by its means detected error on the part of our guides. The same also applies to Lieutenant Conder's "Tent work in Palestine," which had been my text book, and I was glad to make the more personal acquaintance of its author whom I had first met in Jerusalem. For three months he had been exploring the land of Moab, during which time the Turks had been doing their utmost to catch and prevent

him in vain. Now he was on his way to Constantinople with the hope of obtaining a firman from the Sultan, authorising him to proceed, a hope, however, in which he has not yet succeeded. He was very ill and confined to his berth for some days, having ridden down from Jerusalem to Jaffa in a fever—the result of hardship and privation. Brought down almost to death at one time with repeated fevers, he has had to pay the penalty of success in a fever stricken system. It was a pleasure to render him any service I could, and in a few days he recovered.

Cyprus—the Chittim of the Bible—was in sight at daylight, and at seven the vessel was off Larnaca, having steamed 110 miles during the night. It gave me strange feelings to see Cyprus, especially when one of Mr. Mott's lads remarked it was England. A few hours had transferred me from holy ground to English, and yet another Bible Land. The scene as we anchored near the shore was truly oriental, reminding me of Egypt. A frontage of white buildings lined the low quay, a mile in length, behind the centre of which rose a tall minaret and a few palms. To the left was an old fort upon which floated the Union Jack, and fronting it the small pier at which we landed. Salt, sterile plains surrounded the town, and with barren mountains made up a landscape of depressing monotony, in which there was little to relieve the eye. The principal buildings, warehouses, Custom-house, and Post-office fronted the quay. Nearly all the houses in the interior of the town are built upon arches which give it a very singular appearance. Water spouts empty themselves into the streets, but as it rarely rains in Cyprus there is more danger from their great projection than from their contents. It seemed strange to hear English spoken in the shops, to use English coin, and to post with English stamps. At the stores anything might be obtained as at home, and I took the opportunity of providing myself with necessaries and English comforts. On the cession of the island in 1878, numbers of English merchants flocked here, but instead of making fortunes, lost them, and soon had to leave. The fever and death-

rate amongst our soldiers was alarming, numbers falling victims to the deadly climate. Of Cyprus little that is good can be said, and the acquirement of "astute diplomacy" must be confessed to be a bad bargain. On all hands I heard the same sorrowful tale of lives lost and prospects ruined. The people were then in distress for want of rain, without which there would be no crops. When they do occasionally get a good year they are liable to an invasion of locusts devouring every green thing that grows. The voracity of the locusts is astonishing; in a few minutes trees are stripped of their foliage, and as they keep advancing, bare acres and acres are left behind. Even solid wood is destroyed by them, and no kind of food, however well covered up in the houses, is safe against their rapacity. Mr. Maltei, a large landed proprietor in Larnaca, had devised an ingenious locust trap, or ditch, with shining slippery sides into which the locusts fall, owing to their inability to crawl over smooth surfaces. I saw numbers of people busily engaged in making these huge traps with the utmost expedition, and by the aid of machinery, in order to save the crops they expected should the rain come.

Lazarus is said to have died for the second time in Larnaca, having fled here to avoid persecution, and his tomb is shown in the church of St. Lazarus. There is also a fine Latin Church in which I noticed a life-size crucifix with hammer, pincers, and sponge affixed. From the Ottoman Bank, to which I had an introduction, I obtained some English money, and a guide to take me to old Larnaca, a mile inland. My object in going was to visit the schools supported by the American Ladies' Mission, which I believe is the only Protestant one in Cyprus. A visitor is so rarely seen that Mrs. Fluhart, the lady in charge, was rejoiced to have one. Aided by her sister and another teacher, this noble woman is doing a good work amongst the Cypriote girls in spite of considerable difficulties. It was beautiful to hear them sing, in the old Greek, such hymns as Ὁ Ιησους με αγαπα, "Jesus loves me," and it was a joy to speak to them of that Saviour's love.

Their eagerness to hear and aptness in answering made a deep impression on me, and the visit formed one of the most interesting episodes of the journey. The pet of the school was a little dark eyed, curly haired boy, a foundling whom they had discovered laid on the door step, and who could not be pacified unless he was with Mrs. Fluhart. The school has the commendation of Chief Commissioner Biddulph, the Governor of the island, and well deserves to be taken up by English Christians, now that Cyprus has become English territory.

Bidding Mrs. Fluhart farewell I proceeded across dreary salt plains to the lagoon—once connected with the sea—which forms a pestiliferous marsh behind Larnaca. Immense mounds of salt gathered from the lagoon by evaporation were the chief objects in the arid plain. The backbone of mountains which runs through the whole length of Cyprus, with here and there picturesque ruins and ancient aqueducts, formed the only redeeming feature of the view. Cyprus is one of the largest islands of the Mediterranean, being 150 miles long by 50 broad, and containing a population of about 150,000. "Turkish tyranny has reduced it to a sadly desolate condition. Instead of a beautiful and fertile land, once rendering it the paradise of the Levant, there is scarcely upon earth a more wretched spot than it now exhibits. A few words may forcibly describe it—agriculture neglected, population destroyed, contagion, poverty, indolence, desolation." It was to Cyprus Paul and Barnabas were sent forth to proclaim the Gospel for the first time to the Gentiles. Landing at Salamis — now called Famagosta — they travelled all "through the island to Paphos," where their preaching led to the conversion of the governor, Sergius Paulus. Barnabas, who was a native of Cyprus, returned in after years, and is said to have suffered a martyr's death.

Leaving Larnaca at four o'clock, "we sailed under Cyprus" during the night, after which the sea became rough. On Friday the mountain ranges of Karamania, on the south of Asia Minor, were visible on our right, and the island of Rhodes on our left. At two the

steamer was off Rhodes, but, having been delayed by the weather, did not stop. The town bears an ancient look, and the square harbour is defended by fortifications on three sides. Upon its two extremities the brass colossus of Rhodes once stood, spanning the entrance a hundred feet in height. Raised three hundred years before Christ, it was one of the seven wonders of the world. Enormous as the height seems, it is now exceeded by the gigantic bronze statue of San Carlo Borromeo, erected by the inhabitants of Milan in 1697, on the shores of Lago Maggiore, which I saw on my way home. The old crusaders' castle still remains a memorial of its famous defenders, the knights of St. John. I was surprised at the large number of windmills behind the town.

From Rhodes we coasted round the rugged promontories of Asia Minor and entered the Ægean Archipelago. Asking the name of a long pile of rugged rock rising out of the sea, I found it was "the isle called Patmos," on whose desolate shores lived "the disciple whom Jesus loved," and from whose rocky solitudes he saw visions of glory. We followed in the track of the Apostle Paul, threading our way through islands with which classical or Scriptural associations were connected. The pictorial effects of these innumerable islands as they come into and recede from vision are very grand. From Samos we passed to Scios—the Chios of Homer—a town picturesquely situated on a declivity running down to the sea. We could not but remember the recent destructive earthquakes there, in which 800 lives were lost; and the more awful massacres by the Turks in 1822, after the revolt of the people. The island was almost depopulated, 45,000 being carried off as slaves, while 15,000 escaped to other countries. No less than 25,000 perished by the sword, and at the end of that disastrous year there were not 2,000 Greeks left on the whole island. Such is one specimen of Turkey's many cruel ravages amongst these lovely islands.

On Saturday afternoon we were sailing up the Gulf of Smyrna beneath rugged mountains crested with snow. Steam was put on and every effort made to reach Smyrna

before sunset, no ship being allowed to enter a Turkish port between sunset and sunrise. This we hardly succeeded in doing, but, to our relief, were allowed to enter. The great extent of the city and its position, sloping down the sides of Mount Pagus to the water's edge, give it an appearance of great beauty. Containing a population of 150,000, Smyrna has become one of the finest and most flourishing cities of Turkey, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes to which it has been subject. Great insecurity of life and property prevails, and I was warned not to pass through the streets at night alone. The brigands who infest the outskirts of the city had recently carried off a schoolmaster while taking a walk, and his life had to be ransomed at great cost.

Immediately on the ship's coming to anchor I landed and called on the Rev. — Constantine who, aided by English ladies, is doing good work in connection with the Smyrna Rest, or Sailors' Home, on the quay. One of the friends kindly guided me to the house of the Rev. W. Charteris, of the "Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews," to whom I had a letter of introduction. He pressed me to remain with him till next day instead of returning on board. Dr. Scott, a physician who had just arrived from England to join the mission, with his wife and Mr. Spat, a Jewish colleague, were invited to meet me. I spent a memorable evening in their company, and was much interested in their accounts of mission work.

On Sunday I ascended the hill behind the city to visit the site of Polycarp's martyrdom. The tomb is overshadowed by tall cypresses, and around it are the remains of ancient theatres and buildings. The ruins of an immense fortress, once the citadel of Smyrna, crowns the top of Mount Pagus. In the midst of the large enclosure is the ancient church of Smyrna, in which Polycarp is said to have ministered. From various sides of the massive ruins there were superb views of the city with its groves of orange trees, and dark green cypresses stretching down to the bay, while inland ancient aqueducts lined the valley, with the railway leading to

Ephesus, and ranges of mountains encircled the whole.

Of all "the seven churches of Asia" Smyrna alone is living still. It was with considerable interest I worshipped at the English church, and saw written over the communion table the message, "to the Angel of the church in Smyrna," closing with the thrilling promise, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." After dinner, with Mr. Charteris, I returned to the *Ettore*, which sailed at four o'clock.

A lovely sail brought us to Mitylene, off which we called at eleven. The town, harbour, castle, and mountains were all visible in the bright moonlight. During the night we steamed up the Bay of Adramittium to Tenedos, and passing Troas, and Besika Bay, entered the Dardanelles, so called from the castles at its entrance. Here the continents of Europe and Asia approach together, forming a narrow channel from one to four miles in width, and forty miles long. This was the Hellespont across which Xerxes constructed his bridge of boats, and poured his armies into Europe. After obtaining our permit to proceed, we steamed up the Straits to Gallipoli at the further end. On the European side the coast is steep and rugged, but on the Asiatic the scenery is lovely. The site of ancient Troy is only three miles inland. Being the key to Constantinople, the Straits are strongly fortified, especially at the entrances. Leaving Gallipoli in the afternoon, we crossed the Sea of Marmora in the night, and at seven on Tuesday morning were off Constantinople.

XIII.—Constantinople, Old Athens, and New Greece.

JERUSALEM, Athens, Rome, and Constantinople are cities which belong to the whole world, and which in successive ages have been the centres round which its history has revolved. To the first, the world owes its religion; to the second, its culture; to the third, its laws; while the fourth was the cradle of its early Christian creeds. Though Constantinople bears no comparison to the other three, she is a living power in the present, while they belong mainly to the past. Situated on the great waterway between Europe and Asia, it joins at once two seas and two continents. Only to be approached through long narrow straits, its position is one of immense natural strength, as well as one of unrivalled beauty. Nothing can be finer than the approach to Constantinople. Three distinct clusters of towers, mosques, and minarets are separated by noble sheets of water. First, there is the old city of Constantine, now called Stamboul, lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora; second, on the other side of the Golden Horn, is Galata—probably named from Galatians who settled here—lining the water's edge, with Pera, the European quarter, rising behind. The third portion is comprised of a series of towns on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, the chief of which, Scutari, will ever be sacred to English hearts.

The scene on our arrival was most fairy-like. Domes and minarets pierced through the mist which enveloped their base, and forests of masts rose from the water. Constantinople, in such wintry aspect, and covered with snow, was contrary to all our expectations. As the sun rose the mist cleared and we slowly rounded the Seraglio point into the Golden Horn. That caution was necessary was evident from the sight of the masts of a sunken steamer which projected out of the water. This large

steamer of the Messageries Company had been run down by a Russian one, as it was about starting a few weeks previously.

The customs passed with the usual backsheesh, Captain Conder and I waded through snow and ice up the steep ascent to the Hotel Angleterre, being unaware of the tunnel railway up the hill to Pera. Such weather had not been known for twenty years. The balcony of my room commanded a splended view of the city and its waters, connected by bridges across which multitudes were passing.

Of all the countless sights of Constantinople I can only mention a few. A railway runs round the edge of the city next to the sea, and parallel with it a tramway extending some seven miles. Both are in strange contrast to the oriental surroundings, and are thronged with passengers. The streets being deep in snow and filth, I proceeded by the tram to the Seraskierate—the seat of the minister of war. From its lofty tower there was a magnificent prospect of the city, and a courier, whom I had travelled with from Beyrout, pointed out the innumerable points of interest. Situated on the central height of Stamboul, from it the various divisions of the city are seen to great advantage. The view extended from the Sea of Marmora and the Princes Islands on the west, to the Bosphorus on the east, and included the whole of the Golden Horn. The chief feature of the scene is the Seraglio covering the apex of the triangular promontory of Stamboul. The palace was destroyed by fire in 1865, and now most of the large area remains a heap of ruins, interspersed with groves of dark green cypress trees. There is no other such site in the world. For centuries dynasties of tyrants have wrought deeds of unparalleled cruelty and lust on this spot, and the bowstring and the sack have consigned their victims to the Bosphorus. Not so very long ago 600 women of the Imperial harem actually suffered this fate—their bodies being sunk in sacks—on the accession of a new Sultan. Such is Turkey. The principal entrance to the Seraglio—the Sublime Porte—is built of marble, and it is from this gate

the official designation of the Turkish government is taken.

Of the 274 Mosques of Constantinople, and at the head of the 14 Imperial ones, is that of Santa Sophia, or "Holy Wisdom," rebuilt by Justinian in the sixth century. Its stupendous, low-crowned dome — the largest in the world—is carried upon lofty arches, and the interior gives one an idea of immensity greater even than St. Peter's at Rome. Among its numerous pillars are six of jaspear, from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and eight of porphyry, from the Temple of the Sun. Mahommedans, ranged in oblique rows across the floor to face Mecca, were at prayers, constantly bending up and down, now touching the ground with their foreheads, and in an instant springing to their feet again. Evidences of its Christian origin are not wanting, and probably within its walls met the four councils of Christendom which formulated its creeds. Here, too, for a thousand years the coronation of the Byzantine Emperors took place. In the pigeon mosque thousands of the sacred birds literally covered the floor, trampling upon one another, so closely were they packed.

The trades of Stamboul are carried on in its famed bazaars. They consist of a labyrinth of arcades built of stone, covered in and lighted by domes, and are admirably adapted to the climate. No other spot can boast of such an accumulation of merchandise as the bazaars of Constantinople. Motley crowds of Turks, Albanians, Egyptians, Circassians, merchants, sheiks, dervishes, slaves, and water-sellers, throng the thoroughfares in picturesque costume. I purchased a few things, but found it exceedingly difficult, owing to their habit of demanding such exorbitant prices at first.

The principal antiquities of Constantinople are situated in the Hippodrome. In this square are the Obelisk of Theodosius, the best preserved monolith extant, and the twisted serpents in bronze, said to have come from Delphi. At the end of the square is the underground cistern of a thousand columns, which I

found occupied by rope spinners. Passing up the Golden Horn in the steamer I reached the extremity of the city, defended by three ancient walls which cross to the Sea of Marmora. I counted about ten of the Sultan's ironclads lying off the Arsenal and the Palace where the conference was held. On my return I ascended the Galata Tower, from which there was a fine sunset view of Stamboul across the Golden Horn. Constantinople is a terrible place for fires, which occur daily, and this tower is occupied as a watch-tower, from which fires may be detected. Though too late, backsheesh proved a golden key, and I was allowed to ascend and found a number of watchmen living at the top. In 1872 this neighbourhood of Pera was destroyed by fire, only to be rebuilt in the same tortuous, anyhow fashion, and so its principal street—the Grand Rue de Pera—remains to this day.

A chief point of attraction is the Bosphorus, the lovely strait fifteen miles long connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea. Its undulating shores are broken with valleys running up into the hills beyond.

> "The European with the Asian shore
> Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
> Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
> Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
> The cypress groves, Olympus high and hoar."

The shores are lined with palaces and mosques. The largest is Dolmabagtcheh, the residence of the late assassinated Sultan, Abdul Aziz, comprising five great blocks of building along the water's edge. Owing to the fact that a Sultan must be always building, and that a new Sultan does not occupy the palace of his predecessor, numbers of palaces have been built with English loans, which are rarely, if ever, used. Conspicuous among them rises a large building on a commanding height dedicated to nobler purposes. This is the Robert College of Bebek, founded by the munificence of C. R. Robert, of New York, to give a thorough education without distinction of race or creed, under the care of

the American missionaries. The succession of villas, kiosks, and castles perched on eminences, reminded me of the Rhine or an Italian lake, while through the deep channel ocean steamers were passing.

Owing to the length of time occupied in crossing and recrossing the Bosphorus to the various stations, I was in great fear of losing the steamer for the Piræus at four. Turkish time altering each day according to the sun, I was unable to obtain any satisfaction from the time tables, and was obliged to await the event. As it turned out, there was only bare time to reach the hotel, bundle up my things, obtain a ticket, and board the Messageries steamer *Donnai*. The *Florio* steamer started at the same time for the Piræus, and kept us company through the night. The *Donnai* was a large steamer, and proved the swiftest, landing us at the Piræus, a distance of 400 miles, in 36 hours.

At midnight we passed through a narrow entrance to the land locked harbour of the Piræus. The hour was unearthly, but as the *Donnai* left again immediately we were compelled to land. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, whom I had met in Constantinople, accompanied me, intending to take the same route through Greece. Fear of supposed brigands deterred us from driving on to Athens, five miles distant, and we stopped at a small hotel. Early next morning I found my way to the station of the little railway to Athens, at present the only one in Greece. It was a short journey, but full of excitement; every spot being replete with classic interest and associations. Money, tickets, engines, bills, all were in the Greek language. Forms of temples, rocks, and hills, familiar from childhood broke upon our view, and soon we stood—where so long we had desired to—in Athens.

Two straight streets intersect the city, crossing in the centre, and along one of these, the Ὁδος Ἑρμου, "Street of Hermes," we drove to the Hotel d' Angleterre, situated in the Palace Square.

My first impulse on reaching my room was to see the view, and there right opposite stood "the rock which of all rocks in the world's history has done most for

literature and art, the rock which poets, and orators, and architects, and historians have ever glorified, and cannot stay their praise, which is ever new and ever old, ever fresh in its decay, ever perfect in its ruin, ever living in its death, the Acropolis of Athens," and crowning it the Parthenon

> "Gleamed with its crest of columns,
> In marble immortality."

After breakfast I set out to deliver my letter of introduction to Dr. Kalopathakes at the classical address of Hadrian's Gate. I received a hearty welcome, and Mrs. Kalopathakes, an American lady, kindly became my *cicerone* to the Acropolis. An inscription on Hadrian's Gate says :—"This is the city of Hadrian, not that of Theseus;" but on the other side, "This is Athens, the ancient city of Theseus." The first building at the foot of the Acropolis is the Theatre of Dionysus, on the stage of which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides exhibited their immortal dramas. The theatre is divided into thirteen sections for each of the tribes, and would contain 30,000 spectators. Rows of marble seats with hollow backs for the priests still bear the names of their occupants, the central one bearing that of Dionysus, *ιερεως Διονυσου*. Further along is the Odeum of Herodes Atticus of similar half-circle shape. We climbed through marble ruins and fragments, with innumerable inscriptions, and stood on the broad flight of steps leading to the Propylæa—the grand entrance to the Acropolis. Passing through its columns, in front stood the two great masterpieces of architecture, the Parthenon on the right, and the Erectheum on the left, both naked and despoiled, but noble in their ruin. The Parthenon stands on the culminating point of the rocky plateau, and from far and near forms the crowning feature of the Acropolis. It is a magnificent Doric building, 243 feet long by 108 wide, surrounded by 42 columns supporting its architraves. The angle at which it is built, the slightly convex base, the varying size and width between the columns and its orientation are all arranged to give perfection of effect. Erected as a heathen temple,

it in turn became a Christian Church and a mosque, and survived without material injury until 1687, when it was blown up by an explosion of gunpowder stored there. Though neglected by Turks, blown up by Venetians, and despoiled by Englishmen, the Parthenon still stands unequalled in its majestic grandeur and grace. While the earliest Temples of the world, the Egyptian, remain the most stupendous, and the temples of Baalbec and Palmyra the grandest, those of Athens, smallest in size, excel all in perfection of beauty, and symmetry of proportion. The Ionic Erectheum—only 66 feet long by 35—is constructed with a variety of architecture and delicacy of design and detail, which its small size is pre-eminently adapted to show off. The Hall of Caryatides is so named from the six female figures supporting it. The finest of these, in common with the sculptures and friezes from the Parthenon, have been taken by Lord Elgin, and now adorn the British Museum. The whole summit of the Acropolis—1,000 feet by 500—is covered with marble ruins.

It is time for us to scan the noble views of the classic regions around. Beneath our feet lay modern Athens with all its newness and mansions of Pentelic marble. The sixteen columns of the temple of Zeus Olympus rear their proud heads on the east, backed by Mount Hymettus, and in the opposite direction is the Temple of Theseus, the best preserved in existence. On the N. E. rises Pentelicus, from which marble is quarried as of yore, and which looks down on the plains of Marathon beyond. To the S. E. extend the Elysian fields watered by the Ilissus, anything but Elysian now. On the other side of the city rises the isolated, lofty Lycabettus—the Hill of Light, dropped, according to the old Greek mythology, by Athene in her fright, while hemming in the depression in which the city is built are the hills of the Museion, Pnyx, and the Nymphs. More memorable than all were the sea views of the Piræus, Phalerum—the ancient port of Athens—Ægina, and Salamis, with the outlines of the Peloponnesian mountains and Acro

Corinth in the distance, scenes which seemed to embrace the whole history of Greece. Again and again I visited the Acropolis, always to find new points of interest and beauty.

At the foot of the Acropolis is the rocky spur of the Areopagus. Ascending the rough steps from which the Apostle Paul proclaimed the "unknown God," I stood on Mars Hill. Singularly enough the Bible and Prayer Union chapter for that day (Feb. 9th) was the seventeenth of Acts, and it was with no little interest I read aloud on the spot the story of Paul, and the idling, sneering, Epicurean and Stoic philosophers. Mock they might, but it was the first heralding of a faith destined to overthrow the temples, altars, and idols around.

I was indebted to Dr. Kalopathakes and the Rev. T. R. Sampson, of the American Missionary Society, for much valuable help and information. Having consented to preach for the latter he in return devoted some of his time to show me various points of interest, and being a man of considerable classical attainments, his kindness was most acceptable. He took me to the Cerameicus, the ancient burial ground of Athens, where Pericles delivered his celebrated funeral oration on those who fell in the first Peloponnesian war. A large number of tombs have been uncovered, carved in beautiful relief, and representing the departed, always with cheerful face, bidding farewell to weeping friends. Clearly cut inscriptions record the name and merits of the deceased. One of a specially pleasing character, which I copied, reads as follows :—"Your body, indeed, O Dionysus, the earth here covers, but your immortal soul the common treasurer has in his keeping. To your friends and nieces together you left when you died continued grief, always mindful of your friendships. Two native countries mourn your loss, the one your native land, and the other, your adopted country, are in grief." I saw a large number of these memorial reliefs, all of them beautifully chaste and reserved in expression. We also visited the hill of the Pnyx, where the Parliament of Greece used to sit, and whence Demosthenes poured

forth his burning eloquence to the rapt six thousand listeners below, in sight of city, sea, and mountain.

On Sunday I accepted another engagement at the Piræus, and Mr. Sampson drove me along the historic road once trodden by famous Greeks. Here and there were remains of the walls with which Themistocles lined the way to the sea. At the Piræus, as in Athens, it was a gala day during the carnival, and the streets presented strange and sickening sights. Men dressed as women, and women in outrageous costumes, perambulated the streets in hideous masks, and this continues with increasing absurdities until Lent puts a stop to it. In the evening I gave an address, by request, on the "Second Coming of Christ." Intense interest was manifested, and one of the wealthiest men in Greece came forward and warmly supported the truth which I had advanced.

Modern Athens is a new city. At the time of the revolution the Turks had utterly devastated it and brought it down to 200 miserable habitations. Dr. Wordsworth, writing in 1832, says, "The city of Athens is now lying in ruins. The streets are almost deserted; nearly all the houses are without roofs; the churches are reduced to bare walls and heaps of stone and mortar. The least ruined objects are some of the ruins." In place of all this there is now a new city built in large part of stone or marble.

As of old Athens is foremost in possessing a state education more complete and comprehensive than that of any other country. For its sons a University education is provided almost free. At present the University contains about 1,500 students, divided amongst the four faculties of theology, law, philosophy, and medicine, taught by 60 professors. Classical education prevails to so large an extent that even the common people possess it.

Dr. Schlieman's priceless treasures are now housed in a fine museum. The rooms were thronged when we visited it on a Saturday afternoon. Whether the treasures are those of King Priam, as the enthusiastic Doctor believes, is doubtful, but the fact remains that he has proved the most indefatigable and successful

explorer of Greek remains, the whole of which he has laid at the feet of his adopted country. He has built a splendid residence of Pentelic marble adorned with exquisite sculpture.

So long as the Turks crushed the people and oppressed the land, no reform or national life was possible. Now that Greece has become a living Greece once more, its people are recovering themselves rapidly, and creating a new Greece. The recent accession of territory has greatly stimulated the national life and progress. It was a bitter mistake of the then English Government that Thessaly and Epirus were not from the first included in the kingdom of Greece. Without them the country was too small and contracted to stand alone. Brigands were harboured in Turkish territory, and from their safe retreat overran Greece. By the acquisition of Thessaly and a portion of Epirus all this is prevented, as they form a barrier to such incursions. Until now there has been little scope for railways. Already a railway is being constructed from Volo to Larissa which the English consul informed me would be finished he thought in a year. The burden of Greece is its enormous army and illiberal government. It will scarcely be credited, but the missionaries are not allowed to open a school unless the Greek religion is taught by Greek priests, and the New Testament is only permitted to be circulated in the ancient Greek.

Our five days in Athens quickly passed, and on Tuesday afternoon we took our last drive, to the Piræus. Owing to the rough weather the Greek steamer which was to convey us to the Isthmus of Corinth was delayed until the next morning, and we spent another night at the port.

XIV.—Through Greece to Corfu, Brindisi, and Naples.

EARLY next morning we were relieved to hear that the Kalamaki steamer had arrived, and at six we went on board. The vessel was crowded with Greeks in picturesque dresses, especially that of the *fustanella*—a short white petticoat with innumerable folds something like the dress of a Highlander. The delay, though it turned out unfortunately afterwards, was compensated for by the sight of scenes rendered immortal by the deeds of heroic Greeks of old. Before us was Salamis, "famous in the sight of all for ever," as sang the Salaminian sailors, and the sea where the great Persian host was overthrown. Commanding the Strait of Salamis was the islet of Psyttalea, where the flower of the Persian army, landed there to slay those who might escape, was itself slain by the victorious Greeks under Aristides. Opposite, on the main land, is the vantage ground where Xerxes seated himself on a silver throne to witness the destruction of the Greek fleet, and witnessed instead the destruction of his own.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his.
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set where were they?

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

"Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead.
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ."

Below Xerxes' throne is the large circular tomb of the Athenians who fell in the fight. On the south is Ægina, with its peaked mountain, Oros. After coasting along the barren rugged heights of Salamis, Megara is on our right, and the hills that look down upon Eleusis. As the Athenian Acropolis fades from view in the distance, Acro Corinth, the lofty Acropolis of Corinth, appears in increasing clearness in front, with the mountains of Argos and the Peloponnesus forming a snowy background. "It is in the combination of such abruptly rising mountains, and rich sheltered plains, with so many spacious and beautiful inland bays and seas, broken by headlands, and speckled and studded with islands, that Greece surpasses every other country in Europe, and, perhaps, in the world. The effect of such scenery, aided by a serene sky and delicious climate, on the character of the Greeks cannot be doubted. Under the influence of so many sublime objects, the human mind becomes gifted as by inspiration, and is by nature filled with poetical ideas. Greece became the birth-place of taste, science, and eloquence, the chosen sanctuary of the Muses, and the prototype of all that is graceful, dignified, and grand, in sentiment and action." The natural phenomena of the country formed a substratum of fact upon which Greek mythology is founded, the Greeks accounting for physical changes by mythological fable.

In four hours we reached Kalamaki, on the isthmus of Corinth, close to the ancient Cenchræa of Paul. A large number of carriages were in waiting to convey the numerous passengers across the Isthmus, only four miles wide. Our many apprehensions as to brigands were dispelled by the sight of the Greek guard of soldiers which accompanied us. The country is a wilderness overgrown with mastic, sage, wild olive, and pine-trees. The highest part of the Isthmus is not more than 100 feet above the sea, so that the intended canal can easily be made. It had already been commenced, and gangs of excavators were at work on it, preparing for the grand inauguration by King George, which has since taken place. Half way

across were the remains of the Isthmæn Sanctuary, when the Isthmæn games were celebrated in honour of Poseidon. Further along were the remains of the wall which once crossed the Isthmus, and the sliding way by which ships were transported from sea to sea. Though a short ride, it was one of intense interest, and we reached New Corinth under the hour.

Ancient Corinth, three miles to the south, appeared to be nothing but ruins, having been totally destroyed by an earthquake in 1858. Seven massive Doric monoliths of the oldest temple in Greece alone remain to tell where Corinth once stood and what it once was. The first triremes were built at Corinth, and between Corinth and its colony Corcyra (Corfu) the first naval battle on record was fought, 657 B.C. The chief interest of the city will ever be its association with the Apostle Paul who lived and laboured here for nearly two years; and it was to the Church of Corinth he wrote those two precious epistles which have rendered its name imperishable.

Straight over the ancient site is a stupendous rock, nearly 2,000 feet high, commanding the city, the Isthmus, and the two gulfs. This is the famous Acro Corinth, or Citadel of Corinth, once the strongest fortification of all Greece, and the key to the Morea.

> "Many a vanished year and age,
> And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
> Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands
> A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
> The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
> Have left untouched her hoary rock,
> The keystone of a land which still,
> Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
> The landmark to the double tide,
> That purpling, rolls on either side."

The Corinthian Gulf, or Gulf of Lepanto, is a noble land-locked sea whose shores are mountains of immortal fame. To the north rise Parnassus and Helicon, and behind them is the snow-capped Olympus, the abode of the gods, crowning the Dorian hills. To the south are the summits of Erymanthus, sloping away to the white

cone of Cyllene, whose forests sheltered young Jupiter. Hemming in the whole gulf there was a succession of grand mountain scenery which fulfilled all my expectations. The route proved remarkably fine, and now that the service has been improved is one I should strongly recommend. I was struck by the beautiful construction and completeness of the steamer, and on making enquiry found the explanation in the fact that it had been recently built on the Clyde for an English firm, and not answering their purpose had been sold to the Greek company. I had some ludicrous adventures in endeavouring to obtain a cup of tea, in which I did not succeed until the English engineer was called to explain.

In the evening we were off Patras, seventy-five miles from Corinth, one of the most flourishing ports of Greece, and the centre of the currant trade. On the opposite coast, at the entrance of the gulf, is Missolonghi, noted for its valiant though fruitless defence against Ibrahim Pasha in 1826; and still more so as the scene of Lord Byron's death in 1824. Here, while suffering from exposure and fatigue which resulted in his death, he penned those touching lines descriptive of his sad history :—

"My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

"The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

"Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest."

They were the last he wrote, and were prophetic of his last words, "Now I shall go to sleep."

We sailed round the coast of the Peloponnesus and the plains of Elis during the night, and early in the morning sighted Zante. Surnamed the Golden Island,

it is perhaps the most beautiful island in the Mediterranean, and it is as picturesque as beautiful. Its length of twenty-two miles is composed of mountains rising one after the other, "well wooded" to-day as when so described by Homer and Virgil. The low-lying town, the citadel towering above it, and the bold mountain headland of Mount Scobus, form a picture I can never forget.

At nine we reached Cephalonia, the largest of the seven Ionian islands, and entering the spacious Gulf of Argostoli, called off the town of that name, and also at Luxuri. Its extensive quay and the excellent roads, as all through the islands, remain as monuments of English rule. After rounding Cephalonia, and passing Santa Maura, Paxos, and the coast of Epirus we entered the Corfu channel. Our anxiety was to catch the Austrian steamer from Corfu to Brindisi. Alas! it was not to be and we arrived at ten p.m. to find ourselves only ten minutes too late, and, consequently, imprisoned on Corfu for five days. There was no help for it, and we could only find solace in the expected charms of Corfu. And we were not disappointed. A backbone of mountains runs through the whole length of the island, forty miles, riven by picturesque valleys, and studded with villages embosomed in verdure and forest. The town itself is finely situated, surrounded by heights and fortresses, and crowned by a lofty citadel. On the opposite side of the channel the mountains of Albania form a magnificent panorama of varying hue on which I was never tired of gazing.

On Saturday we made a delightful excursion to Pellaki, on the other side of the island. The road led through miles of hoary olives, many hundreds of years old. Leaving the carriage at the village we climbed the mountain, followed by a crowd of children. From the top we overlooked the rugged western coast, and there was a glorious prospect on every side. We returned by a different route, through scenes of rich luxuriance and beauty. There were also fine views from the citadel and other heights. The benefits and lasting memorials of

the English occupation were visible everywhere, and the Corfiotes bitterly lament the stagnation which has followed on Greek rule.

At last Tuesday arrived, and with it the *Florio* steamer, on which I embarked in the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, being so charmed with the island that they determined to remain longer, came off to the steamer in a boat and bade me farewell. A rough passage brought us to Brindisi in the morning, and in touching Italy I felt myself once more within the reach of home. The ancient Brundusium whence the Romans sailed on their wars with Greece and Asia—Brindisi still remains the chief point of the overland route to the East, and is the terminus of the railway journey across Europe. After a walk through its ancient streets, and breakfast at the famous East Indian Hotel, I drove to the station and booked for Naples, a distance of 268 miles. The journey occupied from 9.20 in the morning till 10 at night. The first hundred miles to Barletta, along the Adriatic shore, was lined with towns glistening in their whiteness, and through immense groves of olives. At Barletta the line leaves the Adriatic, and strikes across the mountains to the Mediterranean. Before reaching Caserta the train passed through a gigantic acqueduct, filling up the valley, and built to convey water to the royal palace of the hated Bourbons at that place. From Caserta, at a distance of thirty miles, Vesuvius was visible, illuminated by lurid flames of fire.

If Italy is the Land of Art, Naples is the Paradise of Nature. *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*—see Naples and die—so runs the Italian proverb. Rather should this be said of its situation and surroundings, for the city itself is more truly a paradise of dirt. Its hotels have been the dread of the traveller, its streets and sights the disgust of the sensitive. So all the world over, there is no unmixed good, no unmarred beautiful. Some of the loveliest of earth's fair scenes are cursed by the greatest vileness of men. Pre-eminently so is it in Naples. Improvements which the fusion of the seven states into one has intro-

duced throughout the Peninsula are almost neutralised here by the terrible *vis inertiæ* which prevails.

The fifteen miles drive to Pompeii round the shores of the bay was intensely interesting and novel. We passed through a close succession of towns built of the lava on which they rest, and amongst them Herculaneum. Their dense population of maccaroni making, chestnut roasting, begging inhabitants, revealed southern life in its darkest aspects. Swarms of Neapolitan lazzaroni who saunter and lounge the whole day through, obtruded themselves and their hideous deformities on every hand. Dressed in the smallest modicum of clothing, and subsisting on a little bread and melon, or a handful of maccaroni, they live on the merest trifle and that they beg. The manufacture of maccaroni seems to be the chief employment for those who will work. Numbers of men, almost nude, were engaged in the laborious work of kneading the maccaroni and forcing it through the presses which give it its peculiar shape.

Leaving the shore we drove up the ascending road across vast fields of lava, and past the observatory to the railway station. The upper part of Vesuvius is a huge heap of fine ashes, up which it is extremely difficulty to climb. An inclined railway has recently been constructed straight up the mountain, worked by a stationary engine and wire rope. I can best describe it as riding up a ladder. As we rose higher lovely views were disclosed of the country around. In ten minutes we were at the upper station, where I secured a guide, and in a few minutes more reached the summit. I ventured as near the edge of the crater as I dared, but the sulphurous fumes compelled me to beat a speedy retreat. I was enveloped in showers of fine ashes which were thrown by an explosion high into the air every minute. Three torrents of red-hot lava were pouring out of the crater and rushing down the mountain side in tunnels crusted over by lava. Giving a Greek penny to a guide he dipped it in melted lava which he scooped out, and when cooled handed it to me as a souvenir. The view was magnificent, comprising the whole of the

Bay of Naples, with its rocky promontories, and the islands of the Tyrrhene Sea, while ranges of wooded mountains formed a background inland. At our feet lay Pompeii and Herculaneum, with all the towns around the bay.

Finding I could reach Pompeii sooner direct down the side of Vesuvius, with my guide, I rapidly descended the cone, burying my feet in the soft ashes at every step. Vineyards surrounded the foot of the mountain, the path through which seemed interminable, and the heat was exhausting. Nearing Pompeii, all that could be seen was a huge flat mound of ashes. We climbed over the walls into the street of tombs, but only to be turned back by the guard to the proper entrance. After refreshment in one of the ancient houses, we again entered the city of the dead.

At the entrance is the Museum of Pompeian relics. Down the centre are casts of human figures taken from moulds formed in the ashes at the time of destruction. On filling these cavities with plaster perfect casts were produced. I visited the vaults in the house of Diomede where some of these were obtained. Twenty poor creatures had sought refuge in this vault, and the outlines of their bodies where they had crouched against the wall were quite distinct. Mother and daughter are fallen together, the latter identified by the necklace still around her neck bearing her name Julie di Diomede. The supposed skeleton of Diomede himself was found in the garden with a bag of gold coins and the key of the door through which he was prevented from escaping by the fiery tempest. The sentinel of the city gates close by, true to the last to his fine Roman sense of duty rather than fly, remained erect and unflinching in the hut, I saw still standing, where now his skeleton is found. There, too, is the baker with the death agony depicted on his Roman features, and near him his very cakes burnt black. He had but just placed these in the oven and closed the iron door when the fearful destruction came. Eighteen hundred years passed and now the batch has been withdrawn.

Passing down the Street of Merchants, lined with shops and taverns still exhibiting their signs, I inspected the sumptuous mansions adorned with statues and fountains on every hand. Frescoes, fresh as if painted yesterday, cover the walls, telling to-day their tale of the voluptuous wickedness of this later Sodom. The floors are laid with fanciful figures wrought in mosaics, and with H A V E, the old latin word of welcome, on the threshold. I walked along narrow, deserted streets, worn with the ruts of chariot wheels, and through temples and forums, theatres and baths till I was thoroughly tired.

From Pompeii I drove to Castellamare, built on the ruins of Stabiæ, another buried city, and thence in the evening to Sorrento, staying at the Hotel Tramontano, or Tasso, formerly the abode of Tasso. Lovely for situation, Sorrento is the pearl of the Bay of Naples, and the drive of ten miles is one of rare beauty and grandeur. I returned in the morning, the whole journey of twenty miles, with a pair of horses, only costing five shillings. After visiting other spots of interest on Friday, February 24th, I left for Rome.

XV. The Imperial City of the Cæsars.

"ROME! Rome! Even though we may not articulate it with our lips, yet in our hearts the mighty name sounds and echoes, and we feel an awe-stricken shudder, as the memories of the classic past come upon us with resistless enchantment, and a thousand years of history seem concentrated into that supreme moment when we first see Rome. The gift of *seeing* in its true sense is not given to all; but even to those who possess it, Rome is too vast, too mighty, to be seized on at once in its entirety."

Such is Rome, and such are one's impressions on first catching sight of the Dome of St. Peter's rising from the

sandy plain, and towering into the intense blue of the sky. And there are yet other memories, deeper and sadder, as expressed in the ancient hymn of the pilgrims, "O, holy Rome, venerable through the blood and the tombs of thy martyrs."

The large sandy space in which the station is situated is surrounded with heavy buildings and remains. Our drive lay through these and across the city for some distance to the Piazza di Spagna, the quarter generally occupied by foreigners. Strange feelings thrill us as we pass, now and again objects rendered familiar from our childhood.

> Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
> And from within a thrilling voice replies—
> Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
> Rush on my mind—a thousand images;
> And I spring up as girt to run a race.
> Thou art in Rome! the city that so long
> Reigned absolute—the mistress of the world;
> The mighty vision that the prophets saw
> And trembled.

Rome, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, the city of the Popes, and once of the Cæsars, is divided by the Tiber into two, of which the Leonine city on the right bank is the smaller. Not only does Rome comprise the city of the Pope and the capital of the kingdom, the duality runs all through. It is rich (or otherwise) in the possession of two aristocracies, two cabinets, two distinct diplomatic circles, two peoples, two separate and antagonistic sets of social interests. Well will it be if this double wealth and greatness bring not a double corruption, and it become not as "a house divided against itself."

The modern city is built on the Campus Martius of the ancient Romans, lying along the banks of the Tiber to the north of the Seven Hills, which formed the site of ancient Rome. Four of these hills, once the scene of so many exciting events, are now almost entirely deserted, or covered with gardens, vineyards, broken buildings or ruins. Leaving the modern for the present, our attention is absorbed by the past. We [illegible] our [illegible] and on the

fifth hill, the Capitoline. From here the remains of Imperial Rome, gathered round the Forum as their centre, are seen to great advantage. The bewildering maze of ruins overwhelm one by their grandeur and extent. Proud columns, mighty walls and arches, towers and gateways surround the Roman burial place of classic art, all shattered, fallen, broken, and blackened by fire, by smoke, and by blood. The Forum Romanum in the centre is just one graveyard, filled with row upon row of columns, broken short off, after the manner of sepulchral pillars.

"In many a heap the ground
Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood
Had done his utmost. Here and there appears,
As left to show his handy-work—not ours,
An idle column, a half-buried arch,
A wall of some great temple. It was once,
And long, the centre of their universe.
The forum—whence a mandate, eagle-winged,
Went to the ends of earth. Let us descend
Slowly. At every step much may be lost,
The very dust we tread stirs as with life
And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur.
* * * *
Now all is changed; and here, as in the wild,
The day is silent, dreary as the night;
None stirring, save the herdsman and his herd,
Savage alike; or they that would explore,
Discuss, and learnedly; or they that come,
(And there are many who have crossed the earth),
That they may give the hours to meditation,
And wonder, often saying to themselves,
'This was the Roman Forum!'"—ROGERS' ITALY.

The rubbish of ages under which it was buried has been removed to a large extent, thanks to the enterprise of a noble English lady, the Duchess of Devonshire. More was excavated by our own Archæological Society, but they were compelled by the late Papal Government to rebury them—incredible as it may seem. The interest of Rome comes to a climax in its Forum. In spite of all that is destroyed, and all that is buried, so much still remains to be seen. Where ancient temples, arches, and buildings are piled literally one upon another, and where

even every stone has a story, it will be only possible for us to indicate those of more surpassing interest, and most prominent from our standpoint on the Capitoline Hill.

Immediately in front of us are the three remaining fluted columns of the Temple of Vespasian. The eight granite ones on our right belong to the Temple of Saturn, while on our left is a third temple, that of Concordia. In front of this, and above the Via Sacra, rises the Triumphal Arch of Septimus Severus, with three passages, and formerly surmounted by a brazen chariot and six horses, on which stood Severus crowned by victory. On the other side of the new street which crosses the excavated Forum, is the solitary column erected in honour of the Tyrant Phocas, "the nameless column with a buried base," of Byron. To the right of this is the Basilica Julia, founded by Cæsar to enlarge the Forum. Separated from the Basilica by the street is the Temple of Castor and Pollux, dedicated to the twin gods out of gratitude for their supposed help at the battle of Lake Regillus, B.C. 496 ; one of the most famous temples of the Republic, and used frequently as a senate house. Adjoining this is the Temple of Cæsar, from which Mark Antony pronounced his celebrated oration. To the left is the Temple of Faustina, now formed into a church.

Leaving the labyrinth of temples and monuments which line the sacred way, the palace of the Cæsars situated on the Palatine Hill next arrests our attention. This spot was the original site and the centre of the embryo mistress of the world, the *Roma Quadrata*, the massive fragments of whose walls filled us with wonder when we afterwards visited them. Here the palatial dwellings of Tiberius and Caligula and their successors, with their fresco-adorned rooms and scenes of voluptuousness are laid bare to our view.

On the opposite side the three colossal arches of the Basilica of Constantine are conspicuous, the vaulting of which has served as the model for modern architects. On the summit of the Velia near the Palatine, and forming the apex of the triangular view, is the celebrated Arch of Titus, erected to commemorate the conquest of the

Jews and the destruction of Jerusalem. It is a Grecian arch of exquisite proportions, with fluted columns on each side. On the interior is the frieze to which it owes its special value, representing the golden candlestick, silver trumpets, and tables of shewbread being carried in triumphal procession, the only representation of the kind extant. Close to it, at right angles, is the Arch of Constantine.

But as we gaze, there is yet another object filling up the background which eclipses all. Yonder, grand and gloomy, is the Coliseum. Though for centuries its stones have been despoiled to build churches and palaces, it yet stands vast and imperishable.

The world has many Amphitheatres, but one Coliseum. No other erection is so impressive, both by its imposing mass and its historic interest; no other structure so commands our admiration; no other so stirs our emotion. Built by the destroyer of Jerusalem, no less than 12,000 captive Jews are said to have been employed upon it. It is 1,641 feet in circumference, and consists of four storeys, the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third and fourth Corinthian.

> "Arches on arches! As it were that Rome,
> Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
> Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
> Her Coliseum stands."

But all details are lost in the hallowed associations which cluster round its soil, thrice sacred by the blood of martyrs. An Italian writer thus portrays it:—"A ruined mountain—a crater of the terrible burnt-out Roman volcano, split by the thunderbolt of Heaven—great enough to hold the night and all her terrors within it! It is like a broken sacrificial vase, once filled to the brim with blood of men and beasts, now overflowing with the scent of flowers, and lighted by the gentle moon and tender pitiful stars. But in its midst, thrust into the soil like a sword with its hilt uppermost, stands the cross, symbol of conflict and of peace. All the huge lonely arena is consecrated to the passion of the greatest conqueror of the world, the crucified Jesus.

"Thou hast vanquished, Galilean!"

We wander in shadow through its dark vaults and corridors, and a cold shudder thrills us. Something seems to glide amid the blocks of stone, swift and noiseless—up above there how it sighs and whispers amid the tendrils of the sombre ivy, waving ghostlike to and fro! The stone benches are being filled; a pale, silent crowd passes through the eighty arched portals; the soldiers of the legions with rusty weapons, vestal virgins wrapped in mouldering veils, priests, senators—they all climb into their seats, stretch their arms, and hastily arrange their garments, grey with the dust of centuries. From the sand of the arena—see, see!—they rise up slowly and painfully, wretched, haggard, hollow-eyed men, pale women, innocent little children—they drag themselves to the cross, and embracing it with their arms, cry, "*Morituri te salutant, O Christe!*"—Those about to die salute thee, O Christ.

> "Oh scene sublime! Yet stern and sad enough
> To make us shudder with an icy breath
> From times for ever past. And oh, *what* times!
> The glorious days of Rome's supremacy.
> From every ruin sounds a wond'rous voice,
> Like the invisible rush of eagle's wings.
> And Rome's great spirit ghost-like walks the earth,
> Which once she ruled in incontested might."

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall,
> And when Rome falls—the world."

Having surveyed the surrounding ruins, we ascend the high tower of the Capitol. Far and wide the glorious prospect stretches. All Rome, ancient and modern, lays beneath us, while we seem suspended in the centre. Around us are the hills of the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Coelian, Palatine, Aventine, each the theatre of ancient lore, while the Capitoline on which we are, completes the famous seven. Yonder is the Castle of St. Angelo guarding the world-renowned Papal residence, the Vatican, while rising from the midst the huge dome of St. Peter's flashes in the sunlight; the whole group being surrounded with battlement and embrasure. Dividing the city th

yellow Tiber circuitously winds its way, while enclosing the whole are the ancient walls and gates. Outside lies the dreary, dreadful, malaria-stricken Campagna, with here and there a hill, and many a colossal ruin rising from its waste. The horizon is bounded by the Mediterranean on one hand, and the Alban hills on the other.

Descending, we find that the very ground underneath teems with interest. Here is the Tarpeian Rock, from which many a noble prisoner has been hurled to his doom. Scattered about the base of the Capitol lie some of the massive stones used in the construction of the old Etruscan walls. Lower still we descend, for here, excavated out of the solid rock, is the dreadful Mamertine prison. After some wandering we discover an Italian inscription pointing out the entrance. This leads into the Church of *St. Petro in Carcere*, hung round with votive offerings of blood-stained weapons, and burning lamps. Guided by a hermit-looking monk we pass into the dungeons. A small opening in the floor throws light into one more loathsome still, described by Sallust as "a place about twelve feet deep, surrounded by walls with a vaulted roof of stone above it"; and further in his own words, he writes, "*Sed incultu, tenebris, odore fœda, atque terribilis, ejus facies*—but its appearance is disgusting and horrible, by reason of the filth, the darkness, and the stench." Jugurtha was here starved to death by Marius, the accomplices of Catiline were strangled, and here Simon Gioras, the last defender of Jerusalem, was killed. It was the casting of the victims through its round hole which gave rise to the expression, "to cast into prison."

But there are deeper and holier memories still. By the light of our candles we are enabled to decipher an inscription which tells us that it was here the holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul were incarcerated, and that their preaching led to the conversion of their gaolers. A reverential awe creeps over us, and we shudder as we gaze. Nowhere were our hearts more deeply touched than here.

No other recollections of Rome find such an abiding place in the memory and in the affections as the footprints of the Apostles.

With kindred feelings to these we drove out through the Gate of St. Paolo along the Via Appia (by which, as the name implies, St. Paul entered Rome), to the Catacombs. Well called the *Regina Viarum*, the Queen of Roads, it was bordered by avenues of princely tombs, temples, and monuments. The Catacombs situated here, now give it immortal interest. Concerning the origin of these there has been much discussion; but it is now proved beyond doubt that the Catacombs were excavated by the Christians to form their *cœmeterium*, or sleeping place for the martyred dead, doubtless suggested by that rock-hewn sepulchre of Calvary. They came also to be used as places of meeting, and in times of persecution the living sought refuge in "these dens and caves of the earth."

The Catacombs consist of a labyrinth of galleries some hundreds of miles in extent, lined throughout with receptacles for the dead. Placed one above another they present the appearance of a ship's berths: the Abbe Gerbet speaks of them as "the shelves of a vast library, where Death has arranged his works." At the very entrance we are confronted by the tombs of four martyred bishops of Rome.

As with lighted torches we pursue our way a sacred dread steals over us. The mighty dead lay all around, not gone indeed to purgatorial fires, but as inscription after inscription declares, they *rest in peace, in Christ;* or in the words of another,

Alexander mortuus non est sed vivit
Super astra et
Corpus in hoc tumulo quiescit.—

"Alexander is not dead, but lives beyond the stars, and his body rests in this tomb." One more inscription, one of the earliest, A.D. 117, must suffice. "In the time of Hadrian, Emperor, Marius, youthful military commander, *who lived long enough*, since he spent his life and blood for Christ, in peace."

Such is but a brief description of days spent in Rome: days which linger on the memory with ineffaceable impression. Its churches were resplendent with magnificence and beauty, notably that of St. Peter's—somewhat disappointing outside, all is more than made up by the grandeur within. Worthy is it to rank as the most splendid and gorgeous fane of Christendom. Again and again we visited it on Sunday and on week day, always to find in it increasing interest. In visiting the Vatican the first time we were highly favoured by the explanations and descriptions of Shakspeare Wood, the medallion sculptor. Of its pictures we can only mention Raphael's Transfiguration—the first painting of the world—and of the sculptures, the statues of Augustus and the Appollo Belvidere, as impressing us most.

Our last view of the city of the world must be from the Pincian, a lovely hill partly natural, partly artificial, overlooking the Piazza del Populo. The road winds to its summit through avenues of ilex and acacia lined with innumerable statues. The top is covered with palms and tropical plants surrounded by a circular drive, the fashionable resort of both residents and visitors. The city, like a dark dream, lies at our feet—yes; that is Rome—the ideal city our fancy has so often pictured—the city wherein for 2,000 years the great drama of humanity—political and religious—has been played out.

"A Land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be,
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea.
The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!

And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

XVI. Homewards Across the St. Gothard.

ON February 26th I left Rome for Florence, a distance of 196 miles. The route lay through the country of Livy and Tacitus, the railway running through the defile, where Hannibal almost annihilated the Roman army under Flaminius, and along the shores of Lake Thrasymene, into whose waters the Romans were driven. A journey of seven hours brought us to fair Florence, or as every Florentine calls his beloved city, *Firenze la bella* —Florence the beautiful. Seated on the banks of the Arno, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains—

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth
> None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
> Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth
> When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
> Without; all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
> Contending with the present; and in turn
> Each has the mastery."

> "Fair Florence, we salute thee 'mid thy bowers
> Beside the yellow Arno's storied stream,
> Thy wondrous marble dome that towers supreme,
> Thy stern old walls all garlanded with flowers,
> And, hid within the solemn cypress glade,
> Thy silver fountains whispering in the shade."

While Rome may be the capital of ecclesiastical and political Italy, Florence remains its intellectual centre. Well called the Etrurian Athens, like its prototype it owed its preservation by Roman conquerors to its intellectual supremacy. Even in the war of 1859, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany ordered it to be bombarded, the soldiers refused to obey the infamous sacrilege.

The lofty Campinile of Giotto is a masterpiece of architecture, and peerless in beauty. This square tower, 280 feet in height, built of various coloured marbles, and

adorned with tinsled shafts, delicate tracery, and exquisite reliefs, gave me an idea of perfection. The Cathedral, with Brunelleschi's immense dome, and the Baptistery, with Ghilberti's bronze gates, are in the same square. These, in common with the other famous churches of Florence, are cased in variegated marbles, and appear resplendent in the sunlight. The Florentine churches are in curious contrast to those of Rome in this respect. In the latter the wealth of marble is lavished inside, while the exteriors are unimpressive. Time fails us to linger in the famous Pitti and Uffizi galleries, or to gaze upon the intoxicating beauty of the Venus de Medici, and we hasten on.

The line from Florence to Bologna intersects the Apennines in nearly a straight direction, and is one of the most imposing structures of the kind. Bridges, tunnels (forty-five in all), and galleries are traversed in quick succession.

"We speed across the barren Apennine,
Or plunged deep down where never sunbeams shine,
Pierce arrow-swift the mountains' mighty side.
Suddenly we feel soft spring-like breezes blowing,
Down from the sky that shimmers crystal clear,
And at our feet there opens far and near
A wide green land where laurel groves are growing."

Lovely views are obtained of the valleys and gorges of the Apennines, but the crowning one of all is that from the summit. The great plain of Tuscany, the "garden of Italy," dotted with white villages and towns, appears like a vast panorama spread out at our feet. The whole country studded with hills covered with olive groves, and capped by quaint, white villages, is extremely beautiful.

"Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became,
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame."

When descending to Florence on a former occasion an incident occurred which illustrates the sociability and customs of the Italians. One of our fellow travellers was a priest, evidently of superior order, who won all our hearts by his frank conversation and kindness. At Pistoja a number of priests were awaiting him. Having descended to assist the old man in alighting, to my surprise I found myself embraced and receiving a priestly blessing, on which one of the gentler sex exclaimed, "I wish it had been me."

Bologna, on the northern side of the Apennines, situated on the main line to Brindisi, forms the central junction of the Italian railway system. It is entered by twelve gates, connected by grass-covered walls and moat. The aspect of the town is gloomy and antique, and a deserted air is given to the long irregular streets by arcades which conceal the pedestrians, formed by the houses overhanging the footpath. These covered ways, carried throughout the whole length of the streets, together with the numerous square towers, are the chief characteristics of Bologna. Some of these towers are of immense height and lean much. The town is old, having been originally founded by the Etruscans, under the name of Felsina. A large number of monuments and Etruscan remains have been found, and are now carefully preserved in the museum. The university, of which this forms part, is the oldest in existence, and of great celebrity.

From Bologna the main line runs through the flat country of Modena and Parma to Milan, which I reached in the afternoon.

With little of natural beauty around, Milan owes its value to intrinsic worth; there are none of those lovely environs so common to Italian cities. Indeed it strikes us as having less of the Italian element in it than most other cities, and as being free from the dirt and squalidness so prevalent. Outside the barriers there is little else but fertility, flatness, dreariness, and dust. The extensive public gardens, with the numerous cafes, form the chief, if not the only resort of the inhabitants.

The Milanese may justly be fond of their city with its newly laid out streets, capacious squares, and the noble public institutions which abound. Despite the memories of the past crowding in upon us on every side, the spell of the present is omnipotent. More than 2,000 years have passed over the capital of Lombardy. Beginning with the Romans, 200 years B.C., it has been besieged no less than forty-eight, and stormed twenty-eight times. Terrible years had to be lived through till, finally, the Peace of Villafranca came, and Victor Emanuel entered it as king in 1859. Emancipation from the hated Austrian yoke gave new life to Milan, and soon brought a new appearance to the city. The narrow lanes which blocked up the Cathedral were removed, and the large Piazza del Duomo flanked by the magnificent Galleria Vittorio Emanuelle has taken their place. This lofty structure, unequalled in Europe, comprises four arcades cruciform in shape, surmounted by a cupola, 180 feet in height, and connects the Piazza del Duomo with that of the Scala. In this latter is situated the celebrated Scala theatre, with one exception—that of Naples—the largest in Europe, seating 4,000 persons.

The cathedral is seated in the very heart of the city, and from it the main streets all radiate to the various gates. Conspicuous with its multitudinous spires and images it commands the admiration of all. From the first view on the evening of arrival to the last it seems to grow upon one. "It rises from the Piazza, a magnificent broad pile of white marble, sculptured and entablatured on the face and sides with groups of statuary and pinnacled at every angle and corner with lofty and delicate spires, which bear upon their summits each a majestic statue of white marble. One hundred and sixteen of these statues are visible at once, and the sculptured forms springing from their slender extremities look as if suspended in the air by magic. The great tower of the cathedral is an almost interminable labyrinth of marble statuary and tracery at so great a height, and so light and delicate, that it seems as if the first strong wind would prostrate the whole, or scatter its rocky

lace-work like leaves in Autumn. If you can conceive a river of liquid marble shot into the air to the height of five hundred feet, and then suddenly petrified while falling, you will come to some approximation of the beauty and rareness of this magnificent vision." On the cathedral roof no less than 1,923 marble statues are displayed, many of them perfect works of art, especially the four by Canova. Of these the one most noticeable is a miniature figure of Rebecca.

> "Fancy, with the speed of fire,
> Hath fled to Milan's loftiest spire,
> And there alights, 'mid that aerial host
> Of figures human and divine,
> White as the snows of Apennine
> Indurated by frost."

But above all was the glorious view of crested Alpine summits, stretching away for some hundred and fifty miles to the north, ascending pile upon pile, and chain behind chain into the heavens; while the southern horizon lay bounded by the Apennines.

Entering through the curtain which serves for a door, the enormous nave, with its lofty columns rising up amidst the solemn twilight, overpowers us with an inexplicable awe and reverence. There is something *soulful* that speaks to the soul which neither the vastness of space nor beauty of proportion can account for, and one is constrained to bow in adoration and worship.

The other churches of Milan seemed dwarfed by the Cathedral and call for little notice. In that of Santa Maria, or rather, in the refectory belonging to it, is Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." This picture, notwithstanding all the vicissitudes it has been subjected to, still preserves its grand outlines, and worthily ranks among the eight pictures of the world. Erroneous in design though it unquestionably is, the conception and grouping of the figures is beyond all criticism. The one other church which interested me was that of the Waldensians. Signor Torino, the indefatigable and worthy pastor, assisted by English and American generosity, has acquired from the municipality an old and

venerated Roman Catholic church, which he has converted into a handsome Protestant sanctuary.

From Milan I took the St. Gothard route home. The great Alpine ranges stretched east and west in all their glistening snowy grandeur, and appeared in glorious prospect as we approached them. Here might Montgomery have dreamed that reverie of the Alps, the opening and closing stanzas of which we cannot omit.

"The mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadem of snow,
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When, to the horizontal ray
The many-tinctured vapours roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of Eternity;
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be!

And O, ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God not made with hands,
Whose Word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose Word, though ye shall perish, stands.
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in His works the Maker view,
Then lose His works in Him?

"By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot:
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been!"

At Arona, where we exchanged the train for the steamer, the chief object ever standing out against the blue Italian sky is the statue of St. Borromeo, which I

have already referred to. So gigantic is it that I could scarcely believe my eyes on first seeing it. The sail of forty miles up Lago Maggiore was almost tiring by its magnificence. It is, perhaps, finest about Baveno, where the Queen recently stayed, near Isola Bella, and its adjacent islands; but where all is so exquisitely fair it is invidious to compare. All along the lake are the picturesque Italian towns with which illustrations have made us familiar; while mountain landscapes formed a snowy background.

From Locarno, at the northern end, I took the train to Biasca, then the railway terminus. It was a few weeks before the St. Gothard Railway was opened, and consequently I was compelled to cross by *diligence*. The rough ascent to Airolo next morning was in striking contrast to the stupendous works of the St. Gothard Railway, then hastening to their completion. The aggregate length of its fifty tunnels is no less than twenty-four miles, the great tunnel alone being nine miles and a half long. The tunnel had been opened for traffic during the winter, as the mountain is then rendered almost impassable; and the loss of life which has been incurred by attempting it will now be obviated by the tunnel. Airolo, on the Italian side, was covered with deep snow. The large number of Italians waiting to cross through the tunnel into Switzerland necessitated additional carriages. The train started, and with a shrill whistle entered the longest tunnel in the world, and buried itself in the heart of the mountain. The atmosphere became so hot that I stepped on to the landing in front of the carriage, and stood within a few inches of the receding ground. It was a strange sensation to feel oneself miles from the light on either side, and beneath a mountain where two kingdoms met. We rapidly descended the incline, and in twenty-two minutes reached light and air at Göschenen, having passed in the tunnel far below the Devil's Bridge. There was no time to walk back to it, the diligence leaving directly for Fluelen on Lake Lucerne, a distance of twenty-five miles.

The windings and zigzags of the road are dwarfed by

those of the railway which twist in and out by means of corkscrew tunnels and immense girder bridges. Looking up you see the line at a dizzy altitude, and at the same moment running close to the road, but how it has descended is a mystery you cannot solve without travelling on it. Great engineering skill has been displayed in these difficult approaches to the tunnel, and their construction has cost enormous sums of money. Wooded hills and white mountains shut in the pass and delight the eye. Reaching the level wood we pass through the country of William Tell, and arrive at Fluelen, sixty-nine miles from Biasca, our starting point. Thence the steamer left for Lucerne, a lovely sail of twenty-five miles. Surrounded by bold and rugged mountains, which descend sheer down into the lake, it possesses a sublimity peculiarly its own, which distinguishes it from other lakes, and reminds me of the Sea of Galilee. Rogers describes it as :—

> "That sacred lake withdrawn among the hills,
> Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall,
> Built by the giant-race before the flood;
> Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
> Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God. . . .
> Who would not land in each and tread the ground;
> Land where Tell leaped ashore; and climb to drink
> Of the three hallowed fountains. He that does
> Comes back the better."

So precipitous are its shores that the road had to be tunnelled along the face of the cliff high above the lake, and lighted by openings through the solid rock. Nearing Lucerne, the Righi rose into view, with the remarkable railway creeping up its side.

I could not linger amidst the treasure-spots of Lucerne, and next day went straight through to Paris viâ Bale, a journey of 383 miles. Paris is a Vanity Fair which has little attraction to me, and whose vanities I am always glad to escape. On Friday morning, March 3rd, I started on the last stage of my journey viâ Boulogne and Folkestone. Welcome were the white cliffs of old England, and thrice welcome friends and home, loved all the more for my long, fascinating Ramble Through Bible Lands.

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